

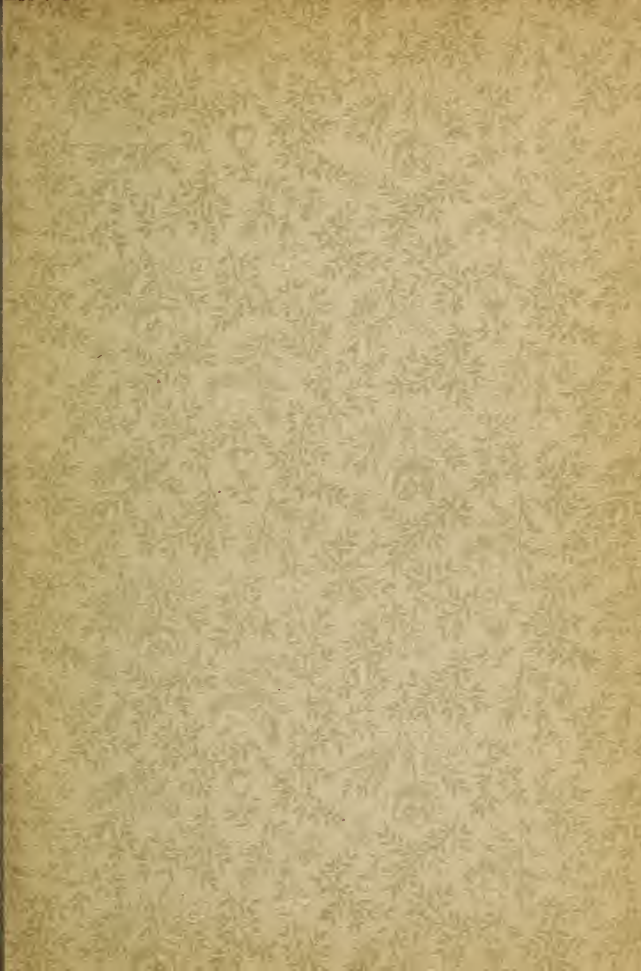


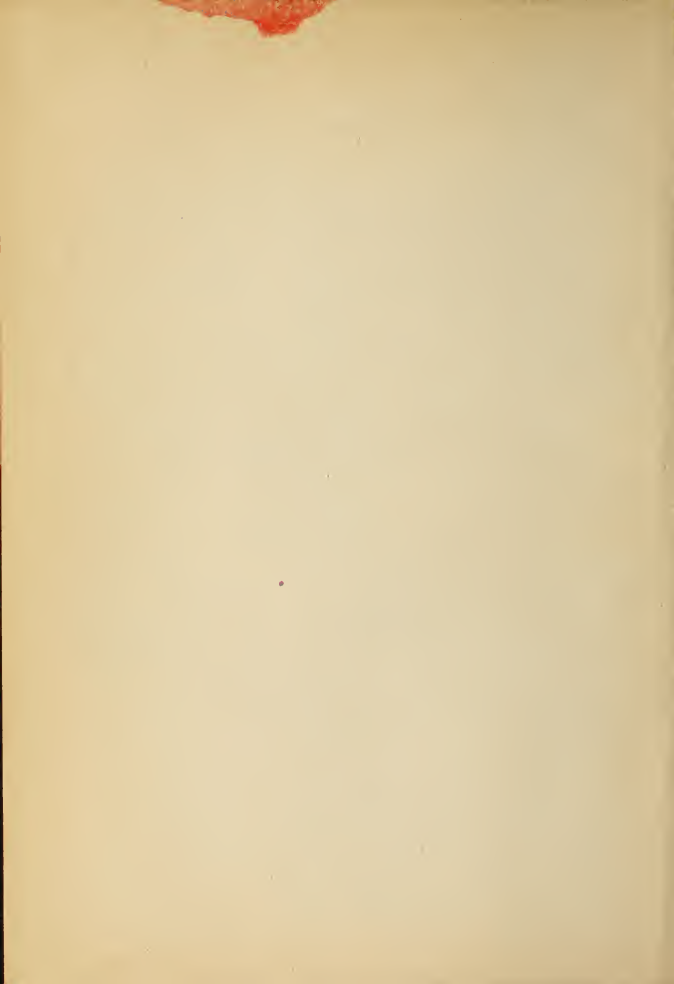
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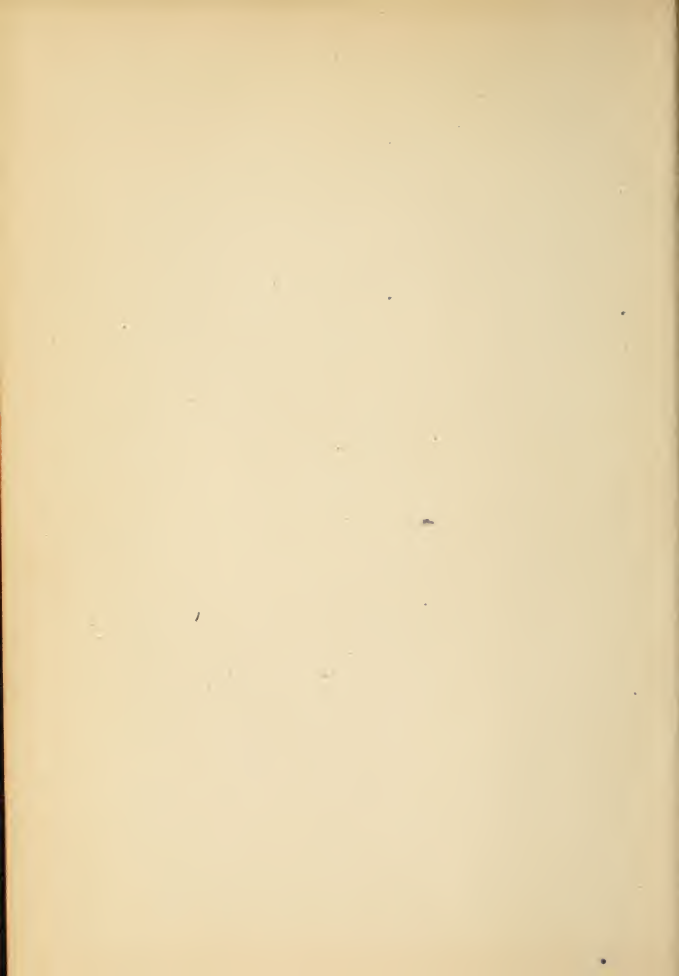
Section











THE  
GATES OF PRAISE.

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ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS,  
NEW YORK.

✓  
THE  
GATES OF PRAISE,



And other Original Hymns, Poems, and  
Fragments of Verse.

✓ BY  
J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES,"  
"MEMORIES OF BETHANY," ETC. ETC.

NEW YORK:  
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1876.

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THESE PAGES ARE

Dedicated

TO

MY VENERATED FRIEND,

H. V. TEBBS, Esq.

(LATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS),

WHO HAS SOOTHED MANY BY HIS POETRY,

MANY MORE BY HIS WORDS AND DEEDS OF KINDNESS,

AND MADE,

BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD,

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST HIS DEBTOR.





## Preface.



MOST of the following Verses were composed, in the midst of other studies, for this Volume. Some, however, have appeared in various shapes and at wide intervals elsewhere, and are now put in a collected form.

A few, as will be seen, were written with a purposed simplicity. They remain unaltered as originally cast.

The insertion of two pieces at the close, from a now silent pen, is explained in a footnote.



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## The Gates of Praise.



TEMPLE OF PRAISE! while yet the world was  
young

Thy portals opened : when the morning star  
Over a new-born earth its matin sung,  
And all the Sons of God, from near and far,  
Shouted for joy : unwaged the direful war  
Of sin and death ;—unknown the Tempter's  
thrall :

No note discordant was allowed to mar  
Creation's tuneful harmonies ; but all  
Her harps were strung to keep high birthday  
festival.

While thus remained unblighted Eden's  
bowers,

Her two unfallen minstrels loved to raise  
A

Their pure and faultless orisons : — glad  
hours,

In grateful adoration of the ways  
Of their Supreme Creator :—blessed lays  
Chaunted by holy lips ;—a holy hymn  
That sanctified earth's earliest "Gates of  
Praise,"

Ere yet transgression made their lustre dim,  
And o'er them waved the sword of flaming  
cherubim.

Ages roll by :—Apostacy, begat  
Of monster sin, is swept by flood away ;  
Till, on the rainbowed heights of Ararat,  
A Patriarch pilgrim hails the virgin ray  
Of a long sackclothed sun. Upon the day  
Which saw the buried earth once more arise,  
Clad in new robes of bridal-like array,  
Hymns eucharistic to cerulean skies  
Rose sweetly blending with the flame of sacri-  
fice.



New and strange sight beheld on Red Sea  
shores :

The Gates of Praise festooned with feathery  
palm !

What music this a coward host restores,  
Breathed amid jungle-groves of fragrant balm,  
As lute and timbrel lead the mighty psalm,  
Ascribing power and glorious victory  
Unto the Lord of Hosts—the Great I Am :  
Who, in the depths of the tumultuous sea,  
Rider and horse hath cast, and triumphed  
gloriously ?

Yet wider open throw these Gates of Praise,  
To hail the advent of the Minstrel King ;  
And catch the music of his varying lays,  
Soaring triumphant upon eagle wing.  
It seemed as if some angel, hovering  
Between the earth and heaven, had dropt a  
wire  
Of his celestial harp : the charmed string

The shepherd-boy seized for his mountain lyre,  
And sang thenceforth the songs of heaven's  
seraphic choir.

Hark ! how he calls all Nature to arise  
In homage to its Maker ! Earth and sea,  
Sun, moon, and stars, hymning in midnight  
skies

On silver harps their speechless minstrelsy :  
Fire, snow, and vapour ; stormy wind, and tree  
Of hoary Lebanon ; and mountain spring,  
Speeding its headlong course in babbling glee,  
Or in the valleys softly murmuring,  
By which the fowls of heaven among the  
branches sing.

Now in an avalanche of rushing song,  
Now in sweet melody of psalm and hymn,  
The notes of magic music float along  
Of one who gazed on veiled Seraphim  
Within the sacred Temple. Not in dim

And dull perspective ;—for he saw the train  
Of the enthronèd King, and spake of Him.  
The Prophet's harp awoke its loftiest strain  
When down the depths of Time it sang Mes-  
siah's reign.

Oh, favoured bard ! before whose vision passed  
The ghosts of shadowy empires—Edom, Tyre,  
Philistia, and Babylon ; each cast,  
Like the dead carcase, on its funeral pyre.  
But not the wind, the earthquake, or the fire  
Of such stern judgments, formed thy chief  
behest,

'Twas when the slumbering music of thy lyre  
Taught thee to fold thy wings in Christ's sweet  
rest,  
And in the Rock of Ages build the eternal nest !

Long years have passed ;—when lo ! the mid-  
night sky  
Teems with celestial hosts—a mighty throng,

Bearing their burning message from on high ;  
Ten thousand angel-harps the strains prolong.  
Ye Gates of Praise, wide open ! for among  
The sons of men is born the King of Kings.  
Let heaven and earth combine their loftiest  
song

To Him who pardon and salvation brings,  
And hail the Risen Sun with healing in His  
wings !

The summons is obeyed. From earliest  
hymn

Of lowly gratitude and love, which rose  
From Virgin Mother's lips, adoring Him  
As her own Saviour ; to the song, of those  
Heroic martyrs, who, amid the throes  
Of death and torture, with attendant shame,  
Confronting demon rage of hellish foes,  
Ceased not in strains of triumph to proclaim,  
Unflinching, joyous trust in Christ's great love  
and name !

And still the voice of praise ascends aloud ;  
Waking the echoes in each corridor  
Of the vast Christian Temple. Wondrous  
crowd !

Who love the Name of Jesus to adore :  
From ransomed spirits on the heavenly shore,  
The golden harpers of the glassy sea,  
Standing as minstrel Levites evermore,  
To saints on earth who lowly bend the knee,  
And hymn through tear - dimmed eyes their  
plaintive melody.

Nor is Creation silent ; every wood,  
And tuneful grove, and stream that warbles  
by,  
Through flowery mead or lonely solitude.  
The lark shrill carolling in vernal sky,  
The nightingale with gushing minstrelsy,  
The ocean lifting its eternal voice,  
The thunder pealing through the vaults on  
high.

Majestic orchestra ! All, all rejoice  
To swell the lofty song and “make a joyful  
noise.”

Thrice blessed will that promised era be,  
When this fair world, then fairer still, shall  
rise

In pristine beauty. When no minor key  
Shall mingle with her joyous harmonies :  
When all that’s good remains, and evil dies.  
Nor sin, nor death, nor woe, shall e’er again  
Project their dismal shadows. Hushed the  
cries

Of cruel war, unloosed the bondsman’s chain,  
And every harp attuned to sing Messiah’s  
reign.

O gracious Lord of all ! Immortal King !  
Dwelling in regions of unclouded day  
Within heaven’s Temple-Gates—inhabiting  
The praises of Thine own Eternity ;

---

Accept the tribute of this feeble lay ;  
And grant, at last, that 'mid the burning  
    throng  
Of glorious spirits, who in bright array,  
Through endless years their anthem-peals pro-  
    long,  
A humble strain be mine in the unending  
    song !

# Song of Deborah.

—o—

A POETICAL PARAPHRASE AND TRANSLATION.

—JUDGES V. 1-31.\*

—

INTRODUCTION.—*Key-note of the song—its purpose and theme.*

PRAISE the name of Great Jehovah !

Israel's vengeance has been wrought.

Silenced is the chariot's rattle,

Willing people rushed to battle,

Nobly have her warriors fought.

Hear, ye kings ; give ear, ye princes ;

Gather round, ye patriot throng.

---

\* I have availed myself of the most approved recent readings and alterations of Hebrew scholars ; a'though our own authorised version preserves, with singular accuracy, the spirit of the original.



As I now recount the story,  
And ascribe to God the glory,  
Wake, my harp ! and aid the song.

THE GREAT VICTORY OF A FORMER AGE.—*The proudest memory of the Hebrew annals is recalled.*

O Jehovah ! when Thou wentest  
Forth in Thy great might from Seir,  
When through Edom's field Thou sentest  
Storm and cloud in wild career ;—  
Quaked the earth with thunder riven,  
Mountain-heights asunder driven,  
Forkèd arrows fell apace :  
Yea, the clouds down water poured,  
At Thine awful presence, Lord,  
Sinai trembled to its base.

THE RECENT DESOLATION OF THE LAND.—*To enhance the greatness of the triumph, the previous demoralisation of the people is described.*

In Jael's days, and those of Shamgar,  
Son of Anath—lion-hearted ;

Panic-stricken was the nation,  
All its prowess had departed :  
Every foeman cowered with fright  
From the warlike Canaanite.

Byways were by travellers taken,  
All the highways were forsaken ;  
Israel's hamlets, ceased had they,  
And in heaps of ruin lay.

Stranger gods the people chose  
Till I, Deborah, arose,

To save them from their fate :  
Apostate race ! alas ! till then,  
Among her forty thousand men,  
No voice was heard to turn again

The war-cry from the gate :  
Shield there was none, nor spear nor  
sword,

To fight the battles of the Lord :—  
The land degenerate !

---

TRIBUTE OF THANKS TO THE VICTORIOUS ARMY.—*The brave of all ranks who willingly offered themselves in the hour of peril.*

My spirit, grateful, turns to you,  
Ye chiefs of Israel noted ;  
And you, ye people, staunch and true,  
The loyal self-devoted ;  
Let us raise  
Our Hymn of Praise,  
Praise Jehovah !

*A special call made to those who, by victory, have had their state and luxuries restored.*

Ye who on white she-asses ride,  
Or seat yourselves on rich divans,  
Who at the Judgment-gate preside,  
Or march in gorgeous caravans ;  
Ye who the highway walk along,  
Come, meditate with me the song !

THE CONTRAST.—*The peace which followed a reign of terror. The women of Israel resume, without dread, the drawing of water at the village fountains: and the gates of the cities are again opened.*

No more the archers' shouts of plunder  
Rise now at the wells of water :  
There the matron and her daughter  
Listen with exulting wonder  
    To the call to come and tell,  
    What through God's great acts befel  
    The tribes of chosen Israel.  
Silenced is the battle's roar,  
    The bow is now unstrung,  
    Up high the shield is hung,  
The gates which panic shut before  
    Are now wide open flung !

THE INVOCATION.—*By a sudden transition she calls upon herself, as the minstrel of the occasion, to rise to the dignity of the theme;—introducing the name of Israel's leader.*

O Deborah awake,  
Lift up the song,

Barak arise ! and break

The serried throng.

Son of Abinoam, forth to martial deed !

And in triumphal pride thy captive captives  
lead.

THE MUSTER OF THE TRIBES.—*She praises the willing.*

Down against the foemen mighty

Came the valiant of Jehovah ;

They went down against the heroes,

Ephraim from the Mount of Amalek ;

Benjamin then followed after ;

Rulers of the host from Machir :

Out of Zebulon, the favoured,

Who the mustering warriors marshalled:

Issachar, though once a waverer,

Came with me and all his princes—

Issachar the strength of Barak.

On they rushed into the Valley.

*The half-hearted and cowardly are rebuked.*

First, beside the streams of Reuben,  
There were heard some brave decisions :  
Why then sat'st thou 'mong thy sheep-  
folds ?

Was it idly there to listen  
To the lowings of thy cattle ;  
Peaceful pastorals preferring  
To the blare of martial trumpet ?  
Reuben ! thine unstable ardour  
Ended only in debatings.  
Gilead, 'cross the Jordan lingers :  
Dan—why tarry 'mong thy shipping ?  
By the sea-shore sitteth Ashur,  
And rejoiceth in his harbours.

*Two loyal tribes.*

Zebulon, the death-defying,  
Vied with Napthali in rushing  
To the thickest of the battle.

---

THE BATTLE AND THE BATTLE-FIELD.—*The gathering of the Canaanites, and the rush of the tempest which decided the fortunes of the day.*

There the kings of Canaan came,  
Kings of Canaan came and fought  
Near Megiddo's water :  
Bootless was their daring aim,  
Golden booty took they not,  
In that day of slaughter.

Sisera !—the stars on high,  
Fought against thy myriad host ;  
Tempests gathered in the sky ;  
In the storm-blast thou wert lost !

More than sword, or sling, or stone,  
Was the hail from heaven which fell ;  
God's own arrows had o'erthrown  
The foemen of His Israel.

Kishon with its gushing stream  
Swept the struggling ranks away ;  
Vain all efforts to redeem  
The fortunes of that direful day !

The heavens above in blackness frown,  
That ancient torrent bore them down.

The hosts of Sisera were scattering,  
As the stars fought in their courses ;  
Broken hoofs heard wildly clattering  
Of the prancing chariot horses :—  
But plungings, plungings were in vain,  
To drag these from the mire again.

*A curse on Meroz for s'tanding aloof from the vengeance  
which followed.*

Thus doth God's messenger proclaim ;—  
“Curse ye Meroz—curse the name,  
Doubly curse her sons with shame,  
For the dastards never came  
To the Great Jehovah's aid ;  
Doubly curse the renegade !”

THE CAPTURE AND DEATH OF SISERA.—*His flight and  
tragical fate.*

Above all women praised be Jael,  
Heroine Kenite—Heber's wife ;



Bless'd be she above all women,  
For her bearing in the strife.  
When, within the curtained harem,  
Water she was asked to give,  
Curdled milk-in lordly vessel  
Gave she to the fugitive.  
Sisera, the warrior-chieftain,  
Lay in slumber deep and sound;  
With her hand the wooden tent-peg  
Wrenched she from the yielding ground.  
With the blow of workman's hammer  
She the prostrate victim slew,  
And with this inglorious weapon  
Clave his temples through and through.

At her feet he bowed, he lay;  
At her feet he bowed, he fell:  
Fell—the hero of the fray  
Deemed so late invincible!

THE EXPECTED EOOTY.—*Sisera's mother and her maidens watch the return of the conqueror.*

The mother of Sisera,  
Proud-hearted Queen,  
Went to the lattice,  
A chieftain in mien :  
From the window she cried,  
“Why tarries his car ?  
What hinders his bringing  
The trophies of war ?

Impatient we look for the wreath on his brow,  
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot now ?”

The princesses answer,  
She also replies,  
“They only thus tarry  
To portion the prize :  
One damsel—two damsels—  
Each hero will share,  
And bright divers colours  
Shall Sisera wear—

---

Rich garments, embroidered  
And varied in hue,  
The ornaments stripped  
From the foemen he slew."

CLOSE OF THE SONG.—*Imprecation and blessing.*

So perish Thine enemies, Lord, I implore  
Thee !

Perish all those to Thy glory defiant :

But let Thine own people, who love and adore  
Thee,

Be like to the sun going forth as a giant !

## The First Advent.



*“The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.”—*  
ISA. lxi. 1, 2, 3.



HE comes ! in meek and lowly human form,  
Unheralded by dazzling pomp and noise,  
Not in the “fire, the earthquake, or the storm,”  
But with the accents of “the still small voice.”

He comes ! to preach the gospel to the poor,  
Franchise the slave, and break the bondsman’s  
chain,  
To wrench the bars from off the dungeon-door,  
And set the pining captive free again.

He comes ! the Messenger to broken hearts ;  
Affliction of its poignant sting disarms ;  
“ To him that hath no helper ” help imparts ;  
The little child smiles fearless in His arms.

He comes ! to give the groping blind their  
sight,  
To wipe the tear from off the mourner's eye,  
To cheer the orphan's darkened home with  
light,  
And soothe the widow in her agony.

He comes ! to rescue from the guilt of sin,  
And from its tyrant power to grant release ;  
To hush the rage of demon storms within,  
And leave His own best legacy of “ Peace.”

He comes ! to stop the roll of conquering drum,  
Unyoke the steeds from Battle's iron car,  
To strike the fevered lips of cannon dumb,  
And hang in silent halls the trump of war.

He comes ! O Earth give welcome to His voice !

He comes ! Thy tribes to pay Him homage  
rise !

He comes ! to make thine arid wastes rejoice,  
And blossom like a second Paradise.

## “The City of the Crystal Sea.”



*“I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem.”—REV. xxi. 2.*

*“And he showed me a pure river of the water of life,  
clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God  
and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it,”  
&c.—REV. xxii. 1, 2.*



“COME, father, mother, Elsie dear, I like you  
near me now,

For I feel the icy finger laid already on my  
brow ;

Come near and sit beside me, as my strength  
is failing fast ;

Could I only take you with me, then Death's  
anguish would be past ;

My Saviour-God is calling me—I know it is  
His voice,

For you I grieve, but for myself I only can  
rejoice :

Oh, do not weep—for short the time our parting  
is to be :

We shall meet in the City of the  
Crystal Sea.

“I hoped to live for longer years, and even  
now I seem

At times to think this death-bed is but a  
passing dream :

I gladly would have lengthened out my child-  
hood’s sunny years,

I never liked to hear this earth miscalled a  
Vale of Tears.

As winter came and winter went, I never  
seemed to tire,

As merrily our voices rang around the parlour  
fire ;

But round that winter hearth now, a vacant  
seat must be ;

For I’m going to the City of the  
Crystal Sea.



“I had hoped that, as in years gone by, so  
still would I have been

A happy joyous playmate upon the village  
green :

I had hoped to go in spring-time with my  
basket and my hood,

To search for yellow primroses with Elsie in  
the wood.

Yes, when spring and early summer came, to  
pluck the hawthorn spray,

And roam o’er banks of wild flowers through-  
out the livelong day :

To listen to the singing birds and humming of  
the bee ;

Far distant seemed the City of the  
Crystal Sea.

“It was this day, three months ago, I spoke of  
Christmas time,

When the bells above the snow-wreaths would  
ring their merry chime,

How busy then I thought, would my fingers  
now have been,

In decking porch and lych-gate in their drapery  
of green ;

In decking all the church too, till the short  
day's sunshine fails,

The pillars and the lectern and the pulpit's  
oaken rails ;

But other and far better things, are in reserve  
for me,

When I enter God's own City of  
the Crystal Sea.

“I had wished, I own, to serve Him some time  
longer here below,

And on little kindly errands now and then to  
come and go ;

I had purposed, on next new year's day, to  
walk to Poynder's mill

With the book-stand and the flower-glass for  
Mabel's window-sill,

The cushion and the pillows I was working for  
her chair,

A bunch of holly berries, and my plant of  
maiden hair ;

You can take her still these little things as  
keepsakes sent by me,

When I've left you for the City of  
the Crystal Sea.

"Oh ! often have I thought, too, when not so  
strong as now,

When age would overtake you with wrinkles  
on your brow,

How happy it would make me to help you,  
parents dear,

And do the little best I could your closing  
days to cheer ;

How nice for me and Elsie, in our turn to sit  
at night,

To smooth your ruffled pillows, and to watch  
you till daylight ;

I had hoped to pay you back again for all  
you've been to me ;

But we'll meet in the City of the  
Crystal Sea.

“When you come to visit the spot, mother,  
where I shall silent lie,

The thought may sometimes startle you, ‘How  
came she thus to die ?

Why were the angels sent so soon to bear her  
far away,

Why did the sun of life go down while yet  
’twas early day ?’

Oh, trust God’s love and wisdom, which  
though often now concealed,

Will one day in His own bright world come all  
to be revealed ;

Yes, all that now is dark to us, we then shall  
clearly see,

In the light of the City of the  
Crystal Sea.

“When first upon a couch of pain my throbbing head was laid,  
That God might raise me up again, how fervently I prayed ;  
But He, perhaps, foresaw too well the briar and the thorn,  
Which might, like other wand’ring sheep, my straying feet have torn ;  
Too surely would His wisdom know, that with a longer life  
I might have proved unequal for the battle and the strife,  
And therefore the unanswered prayer was all in love to me,  
So He took me to the City of the Crystal Sea.

“And when all this is over, and time has onward rolled ;  
O father, mother, Elsie, never think of me as old.

Never think of me but as I am, without an  
earthly care,

No wrinkle on my forehead—no white-lock in  
my hair ;

Never think of me as dying—never think of  
me as dead,

But think of me only, as by guardian angels  
led :

Yes, think of me, I pray you, as young as now  
I be,

A child still in the City of the  
Crystal Sea.

“And if at any future time should sorrow be  
in store,

Should poverty or sickness come across your  
cottage door ;

Accept of every trial as God’s messenger of  
love

To raise your hearts’ affections to my better  
home above ;

A few short years at farthest, and beyond this  
scene of woe

We shall meet where partings are unknown,  
and sorrow cannot go :

From all temptations 'clean escaped'—from  
all afflictions free,

Safe for ever in the City of the  
Crystal Sea.

“Yes, I'm going to a region which is ever fair  
and bright,

Where all the blessed angels walk in fields of  
golden light,

Where the cherubim and seraphim surround  
the Great I AM,

And the armies of the ransomed sing the  
praises of the Lamb ;

Oh, wondrous thought ! this feeble tongue  
shall soon take up the strain,

And join in 'Worthy is the Lamb—the Lamb  
for sinners slain ;'

My dearly loved Redeemer in His beauty I  
shall see,

The glory of the City of the  
Crystal Sea.

“Come nearer, come yet nearer, I like you  
near me now,

For I feel Death’s icy finger still colder on my  
brow ;

The Angels are all standing round, I hear my  
Saviour’s voice,

The Gates of glory stand ajar, I cannot but  
rejoice.

My eye-sight fast is dimming—the lengthening  
shadows fall,

I dare not longer tarry and resist the Master’s  
call ;

Farewell !—I may’nt return to you : but you  
can come to me”——

. . . . .

She entered then the City of the  
Crystal Sea.



## Nature's Hymn.

—o—

*"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."*

—PSALM cl. 6.

---

PRAISE Him, O praise Him, ye ministering  
Seraphim !

Praise ye Jehovah enthronèd on high :  
Awake every harp, ye archangels, and tell of  
Him

Shrouded in glory, yet graciously nigh.

Praise Him, bright Sun, in the glow of thy  
splendour ;

Praise Him, thou Moon, silver queen of the  
night ;

Ye Stars, who like virgin retainers attend her,  
O praise the Great Lord who hath robed you  
with light !

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye soft flowing  
fountains,

Amid the lone valleys go murmur your song ;  
Uplift the loud anthem, ye thunder-voiced  
mountains,

Let peak answer peak and re-echo the song !

Ye forests—ye need no cathedral of marble,  
No Thurifer's censer to perfume your shrine ;  
Your own wingèd choirs will His praises best  
warble,

Your woodland flowers scatter sweet incense  
divine !

Praise Him, ye mists which on mountain-tops  
hoary,

Like white wings of cherub the rock-clefts  
enfold ;

Praise Him, ye sunset-clouds, piled in your  
glory,

Resplendent with amber, vermilion, and gold.

---

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye deeps with your  
wonders,

Discourse of His glory to earth's farthest shore ;  
In lullaby ripples, in hoarse-booming thunders,  
In stillness and storm, lend your voice and  
adore !

All Nature arise ! the great anthem intoning ;  
And from your vast storehouse a tribute-lay  
bring :

No voice can be silent, let all join in owning  
Jehovah as Maker, Redeemer, and King !

# Sennacherib.

(Arranged for an Oratorio.)\*

— o —

## PART I.—OVERTURE.

*Mustering of the distant nations like the waves of the  
sea.—ISA. v. 30.*

SCENE.—*Temple-gate of Jerusalem.*

THE PROPHET ISAIAH (*Recit.*).

“BEHOLD the Lord bringeth up upon them  
The waters of the river, strong and many,  
Even the King of Assyria and all his glory :  
And he shall come up over all his channels,

---

\* In order to explain the peculiarity of what may be called the dramatic treatment, the author thinks it well to state, that he had this musical arrangement in view in the composition of what follows ; and that in due time, and in competent hands, it will receive such rendering. It has often been to him a matter of wonder, that the master “Tone-poets” in Germany and England have hitherto omitted to include in their great works, a portion of sacred

And go over all his banks :  
And he shall pass through Judah ;  
He shall overflow and go over.  
And in that day they shall roar against them  
like the roaring of the sea ;  
And if one look unto the land,  
Behold darkness and sorrow,  
And the light is darkened in the heavens  
thereof.”—Isa. viii. 7, 8 ; v. 30.

SCENE.—*Palace at Nineveh—Chorus in Cedar  
Hall, in presence of Sennacherib.*

1st CHORUS.

Sound, mighty King, the trump of war !  
Prepare the bowstrings, yoke the steeds ;

---

story which is unsurpassed, or rather unequalled, in variety of interest ; combining as it does, so remarkably, the epic and elegaic. It may be added that, for the above reason, he has deemed it better not to give the passages put into the lips of the principal personage (Isaiah) “rhythmical uniformity ;” he has preferred retaining for the purpose of *recit*, the varied and irregular structure in our authorised English version.

They smell the battle from afar,  
Impatient for gigantic deeds.

2nd CHORUS.

Arise, valiant Warrior ! Thou “Cedar of  
cedars,”  
The favoured of heaven over millions to reign;  
Great Hero of heroes ! great Leader of leaders;  
Add Zion and Rahab to the heaps of thy slain.

QUEEN OF SENNACHERIB.

Descendant of the mighty Nimrod,  
Wingèd Lion—Eagle King !  
Thy royal spouse already counteth  
Up the trophies thou shalt bring.

TWO PRINCESSES.

Broidered garment—golden tassel,  
Rarest hues of Tyrian dye :—

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Go ! make Hebrew cowards vassal,  
And their boasted God defy !

---

SCENE.—*Temple of Nisroch—Sennacherib  
offers sacrifices.*

SENNACHERIB.

Hear me ! Eagle-headed Nisroch  
Take the lily and pomegranate  
As the pledge of mighty conquests,  
Like to those my hero-father \*  
Gained before the walls of Ashdod.  
Thou dost know my glory :—Are not  
Altogether kings my princes ?  
Is not Calno as Carchemish ?  
Is not Hamath too as Arphad ?  
And Samaria as Damascus ?  
As I did unto their idols  
So, by lily and pomegranate,  
So, by winged bull and lion,  
Shall I do to haughty Zion. †

PRIESTESS OF TEMPLE.

Go, mighty King, undaunted on ;  
Fear not to pass the Lebanon ;

---

\* Sa gon.

† Isa. x. 7-11.

Thy chariots and thy men of might  
Shall climb its loftiest mountain-height.  
Before thee shall its cedars fall,  
Before thee bend its fir-trees tall.  
Thou shalt return in glittering car  
Triumphant with the spoils of war,  
With spears and shields of mighty men  
As votive offerings to this Fane ;  
And on its walls we shall inscribe  
Fresh glories of Sennacherib !

SCENE.—*Front of Nineveh Palace. (Trumpets sounding.) Military march on departure of the Assyrian army.*

CHORUS.

Ye quarries of Ashur ! prepare your best  
marble,  
Ye sculptors, make ready your tools for the  
story ;  
Each hall of the Palace, each frieze of the  
Temple,  
Shall have for all ages new legends of glory !



## PART II.—SYMPHONY.

*Messengers of evil tidings speeding in haste from various quarters.*

SCENE.—*Temple-gate at Jerusalem: Hezekiah coming from the Evening Sacrifice.*

CHORUS.—*1st Band.*

Noblest of the Kings of Judah !  
To thy feet we hasten bending ;  
Heavy tidings have we brought thee,  
Nought but gloomy woe impending !

FULL CHORUS.

Asshur with his myriad host  
Fast advances ! We are lost !

*2nd Band.*

Comes he like the eagle soaring,  
Like the rush of mighty river,  
Like the wild beasts savage roaring,\*  
Who is able to deliver ?

---

\* Isa. v. 29, 30.

## FULL CHORUS.

Asshur with his myriad host  
Fast advances ! We are lost !

*3rd Band.*

Already is he come to Aiath ;  
He has passed the heights of Migron ;  
Baggage-tents are pitched at Michmas's,  
Waggons have gone o'er the passage ;  
They have lodged the night at Geba,  
Ramah is aghast with terror ;  
Gibeah of Saul is fleeing ;  
Lift thy voice, O Gallim's daughter,  
Cause it to be heard to Laish.  
Anathoth, alas !—Madmenah !  
Flee, ye villagers of Gebim ;  
One day only Nob will stay him,  
Then his hand shall shake with terror  
'Gainst the Mount of Zion's daughter ;  
Day of vengeance ! day of slaughter ! \*

---

\* Isa. x. 28-32.

FULL CHORUS.

Asshur with his myriad host  
Fast advances ! We are lost.

*Fresh messengers arrive, bearing the wail of surrounding  
nations at the approach of the Conqueror.*

A SHEIKH OF MOAB. A FUGITIVE FROM PLUN-  
DERED DEDAN. A WARRIOR OF PHILISTIA.  
A PRINCE OF TYRE. AN ARAB OF DUMAH.  
A SHEPHERD OF KEDAR.

The Lion of Asshur has pounced on his prey,\*  
Each heart in its terror has melted away.  
The pastures of Moab lie waste with the foe,  
And Dedan has fled from his sword and his bow.†  
Philistia trembles while gazing afar  
On the column of smoke and the red gleam of  
war.‡

The Princes of Tyre stand aghast at the sight,  
The Watchmen of Dumah despair of the night.§  
The Shepherds of Kedar with wailing behold

\* Isa. v. 29.

† Isa. xxi. 13-15.

‡ Isa. xiv. 31.

§ Isa. xxi. 11, 12.

No tents on its desert—no flock in its fold.\*  
 For Asshur's proud Lion has pounced on his  
     prey,  
 Each heart in its terror has melted away!

ISAIAH'S WIFE (*herself a Prophetess*).

In my son behold the sign,  
 "HASTEN BOOTY, SPOILING SPEED : †  
 Yet, oh trust the power divine,  
 He will save in time of need!

Weeping may the night endure,  
 But there cometh joy at morn,  
 Zion! trust the promise sure,  
 Thou wilt ne'er be left forlorn.

*Isaiah is seen approaching.*

ARAB OF DUMAH.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman,  
     what of the night?" ‡

\* Isa. xxi. 16, 17.

† Translation of the name of Isaiah's son, *Mahe-shalal-hash-baz*.—Isa. viii. 1.

‡ Isa. xxi. 11.

## ISAIAH.

“Thus saith the Lord God of Hosts,  
O my people that dwellest in Zion, be not afraid  
of the Assyrian :

He shall smite thee with a rod,  
And shall lift up his staff against thee after the  
manner of Egypt.

The Lord of Hosts shall stir up a scourge for him,  
According to the slaughter of Midian at the  
rock of Oreb :

And as his rod was upon the sea,  
So shall he lift it up after the manner of  
Egypt.”—Isa. x. 24-26.

## ARAB OF DUMAH.

“Watchman, what of the night? Watchman,  
what of the night?”

## ISAIAH.

“Behold, the Lord, the Lord of Hosts,  
Shall lop the bough with terror :

And the high ones of stature shall be hewn  
down,

And the haughty shall be humbled.

And he shall cut down the thickets of the  
forest with iron,

And Lebanon shall fall by a mighty one."

—Isa. x. 33, 34.

ARAB OF DUMAH.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman,  
what of the night?"

ISAIAH.

"Woe to the multitude of many people,  
Which make a noise like the noise of the seas.  
The nations shall rush like the rushing of many  
waters :

But God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee  
afar off,

And shall be chased as the chaff of the moun-  
tains before the wind,

And like a rolling thing before the whirlwind.

And behold at eventide trouble ;  
 And before the morning he is not.  
 This is the portion of them that spoil us,  
 And the lot of them that rob us."

—Isa. xvii. 12-14.

### FULL CHORUS.

"The light of Israel shall be for a fire,  
 And His Holy One for a flame :  
 And it shall burn and devour his thorns  
 And his briers in one day."—Isa. x. 17.

### PART III.—SYMPHONY.

*Wailing over Hezekiah's wavering policy, and unworthy  
 submission in the payment of the tribute exacted by  
 Sennacherib.\**

### SCENE.—

*Temple-Court. A Chorus of faithful Jews.*

### CHORUS.

Alas ! for this day of fate,  
 Pillage and plunder !

---

\* 2 Kings xviii. 14-16.

Brazen and cedar-gate

Torn both in sunder.

Is it gold we rely on

To stay the invader?

Alas! has our Zion

No strong God to aid her?

ARIA (*a Jewish maiden, daughter of the  
High Priest*).

Shame upon the name of regal,

That would purchase peace with gold;

Bribing swoop of Asshur's eagle

Down afresh on Zion's fold!

Israel's virgins saved from slaughter,

Captive pine on foreign shore;

And shall also Judah's daughter,

Exiled see her home no more?

ISAIAH *utters a woe for going to Egypt for  
help.*

“Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help;



And stay on horses,  
And trust in chariots because they are many ;  
And on horsemen because they are very  
strong ;

But they look not to the Holy One of Israel,  
Neither seek the Lord ! ”

“ Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be  
your shame,

And the trust in the shadow of Egypt your  
confusion.

Look away from me, I will weep bitterly ;

Labour not to comfort me, because of the spoil-  
ing of the daughter of my people.

For it is a day of trouble, and of treading down,  
and of perplexity,

By the Lord God of Hosts in the valley of  
vision,

Breaking down the walls and of crying to the  
mountains. ”

—Isa. xxxi. 1 ; xxx. 3 ; xxii. 4, 5.

SCENE.—*Great Square before the City Gate.*

[*Hezekiah, just come from the Temple, in the midst of his officers, nobles, and guards, announces the change in his unworthy policy.*]

HEZEKIAH.

Nobles, princes, mighty men !

Let us be ourselves again :

Coward deeds I now deplore,

Faithless let us be no more.

Sound the trumpet, bare the sword,

In the name of God the Lord ;

Furbish helmet, spear, and shield,

Proud to die but not to yield.

Be courageous and be strong,

Fear not Asshur's martial throng ;

Though he boast of squadrons grim,

There are more with us than him.

Arm of flesh is his alone,  
But Jehovah's help we own ;  
Victory to Him ascribe,  
Mightier than Sennacherib ! \*

*[And the people rested themselves on  
the words of Hezekiah King of  
Judah.] †*

*Shout of the assembled soldiers and people.*

FULL CHORUS.

Hezekiah ! live for ever !  
Stoop to base surrender never !  
God, our God will yet deliver !

*[Rabshakeh, the great cup-bearer, along with Tartan  
and Rabсарis, under the walls of Jerusalem,  
addressing Eliakim, Shebna, and Joah, make a  
demand of unconditional surrender.] ‡*

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\* 2 Chron. xxxii. 7, 8.

† 2 Chron. xxxii. 8.

‡ I a. xxxvi. 4-21.

## RABSHAKEH.

Thus saith the Great King, the King of  
Assyria,  
What confidence is it wherein thou dost  
stay?  
Thou lean'st on the staff of this broken reed  
Egypt,  
Which, while thou art trusting, will crumble  
away.

Permit not, ye minions, your King to deceive  
you :  
As if the Jehovah he bids you to trust,  
Could cope with the power of the mighty Sen-  
nacherib,  
And save your proud walls being laid in the  
dust.

Where are the idols of Hamath and Arphad ?  
The gods who have fought to deliver their  
land,

Of Hena and Ivah, and far Sepharvaim,  
And able the gleam of our swords to with-  
stand ?

Go, tell Hezekiah, if he fail to surrender  
His tribute of silver and talents of gold ;  
Then doomed is your Salem : no power will  
defend her  
From reaping a harvest of vengeance untold ! \*

ELIAKIM (*aside*).

Let us hear the taunt in silence. †

SHEBNA AND JOAH.

From our trust no taunts shall bend us,  
No such evils can portend us,  
Great Jehovah will defend us !

RABSHAKEH (*in a rage*).

Dogs ! no more shall I entreat you  
To evade the vengeful flood :

---

\* Isa. xxxvi. 4, 18, 19, 20.

† Isa. xxxvi. 21.

Now I go :—but next to meet you  
With your garments rolled in blood !

[*Rabshakeh leaves for the camp at Lachish.*]

---

PART IV.—SYMPHONY AND CHORUS.

*The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep  
silence before Him.*—HAB. ii. 20.

SCENE.—*Temple of Jerusalem. Holy of Holies.  
King Hezekiah spreading out, before the  
Divine Presence, the railing letter of Sen-  
nacherib.\**

HEZEKIAH.

O God of Israel, Lord of Hosts,  
Between the cherubim who dwells,  
Thou art the God, even Thou alone,  
Thy glory all the earth excels.

---

\* Isa. xxxvii. 14.

---

Incline Thine ear, O Lord, and hear,  
Open Thine eyes, O Lord, and see ;  
Hear all the words Sennacherib  
Hath uttered in reproaching Thee.

In truth, O Lord, hath Asshur's Kings  
Laid waste the nations and their lands ;  
Their gods into the fire have cast,  
Dumb idols made by mortal hands.

But now, O Lord our God, us save,  
Let Thine Almighty power be shown ;  
That all the kingdoms of the earth  
May know that Thou art God alone ! \*

*[Choir in the Temple, as Hezekiah comes  
forth from the Most Holy Place.]*

CHORUS.

“Let the sighing of the prisoner come before  
Thee : according to the greatness of Thy power

---

\* Isa. xxxvii 15-20.

preserve Thou those that are appointed to die.”  
—Ps. lxxix. 11.

*ARIA and other Jewish maidens.*

“They that trust in the Lord shall be as  
Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but  
abideth for ever.”—Ps. cxxv. 1.

*Answer sent by Isaiah to Hezekiah.*

ISAIAH.

“Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Whereas  
thou has prayed to me against Senna-  
cherib king of Assyria : this is the word  
which the Lord hath spoken concerning  
him.

Whom hast thou reproached and blas-  
phemed ?

And against whom hast thou exalted thy  
voice,

And lifted up thine eyes on high ? even against  
the Holy One of Israel.



By thy servants hast thou reproached the Lord,  
and hast said,

By the multitude of my chariots am I come  
up

To the height of the mountains, to the sides of  
Lebanon ;

And I will cut down the tall cedars thereof,  
and the choice fir trees thereof :

And I will enter into the height of his border,  
and the forest of his Carmel.

Because thy rage against me, and thy tumult,  
is come up into mine ears,

Therefore will I put my hook in thy nose, and  
my bridle in thy lips,

And I will turn thee back by the way by which  
thou camest.

For I will defend this city to save it

For mine own sake, and for my servant David's  
sake."

—Isa. xxxvii. 21-24, 29, 35.

SCENE.—*Morning Camp at Lachish—the destruction of the army of Sennacherib.\**

SENNACHERIB.

Oh, horror of horrors ! how ghastly the story,  
Which the dawn of the morning reveals to my  
sight !

The eagle that soared upon pinions of glory,  
Lies dashed on the ground in the pride of his  
flight !

My warriors have perished : O direful awaking !  
Ye women of Asshur prepare your loud wail :  
They are hushed in a slumber which knows no  
awaking,  
Scarce left is a handful to tell the sad tale !

Both rider and steed in dread silence are  
blended ;  
No horse for the chariot, no hand for the sword ;

---

\* Isa. xxxvii. 36.

For the angel of death has at midnight descended,  
And stilled every pulse with the breath of the  
Lord !

Like the wing'd bull of Nisroch, (they were not  
words idle,  
Which the Seer of Jehovah had dared to proclaim),  
“With a hook in his nostril—his lip in a bridle,  
Led back he shall be by the way that he  
came.” \*

Oh, horror of horrors ! how ghastly the story !  
My warriors unconquered, unfallen in fight ;  
But the blast of the tempest has blown on  
their glory !——

. . . . .  
Let the trumpets be sounded, and prepare for  
the flight.

*[Blast of trumpets dying in the distance.]*

---

\* Isa. xxxvii. 29.

SCENE. — *Temple. Hezekiah, with Princes, Nobles, and Soldiers, outside the gate, gone to render thanks for deliverance.*

*(Symphony of Praise.)*

HEZEKIAH.

“I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord. Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord.”—Ps. cxviii. 17-19.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS *(respond as they open the gate).*

“This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.”—Ps. cxviii. 20.

HEZEKIAH.

“I will praise Thee; for Thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.”—Ps. cxviii. 21.

## ARIA.

“The Lord is good : a stronghold in the day of trouble ; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.”—Nahum i. 7.

*Hezekiah inside the Temple, surrounded with  
Priests and Choristers.\**

## 1st BAND OF CHORISTERS.

God shall our strength and refuge be,  
A very present help is He ;  
And therefore never fear shall we,  
Although the earth removèd be,  
And hills be cast in midst of sea ;  
Though waters thereof troubled be,  
And mountains shake tumultuously.

## FULL CHORUS.

The Lord on high is mightier far  
Than noise of many waters are ;

---

\* The 46th and 76th Psalms are here incorporated and paraphrased ;—the two “Epinikia” or Hymns of Triumph, known, without doubt, to have been composed specially for this occasion of national thanksgiving.

Some put trust in bow and quiver,  
Lord of Hosts, be ours for ever !

2nd BAND OF CHORISTERS.

Come, and behold the works of God,  
What desolations are abroad :  
His wondrous deeds admire !  
Nations, stand aghast with wonder,  
As He breaks the spear in sunder,  
And the chariot burns with fire !

FULL CHORUS (*with refrain*).

God has helped us, that right early,  
“Helped us at the dawn of morn :” \*  
Zion He doth love too dearly  
To be left the Gentile’s scorn.

The Lord on high is mightier far  
Than noise of many waters are ;  
Some put trust in bow and quiver,  
Lord of Hosts, be ours for ever ! †

---

\* Literal rendering.

† Ps. xlv.

## BOTH BANDS OF CHORISTERS UNITED.

The stout of heart and men of deed,  
The horseman bold—the noble steed,  
Are hushed in slumber deep :  
The wingèd bow, the burnished shield,  
Lie silent on the battle-field,  
No vigils now to keep !

No pulses throb, no bosoms stir  
With rage at their discomfiture,  
No tears are there to weep :  
We hear no more the chariot rattle,  
The clash of sword, the clang of battle,  
The proud have slept their sleep ! \*

FULL CHORUS (*with trumpets*).

The Lord on high is mightier far  
Than noise of many waters are ;  
Some put trust in bow and quiver,  
Lord of Hosts be ours for ever !

[“ *And all the people said AMEN !* ”]

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\* Ps. lxxvi 3, 5, 6.

PART V.—SYMPHONY (*Minor*).

SCENE.—*The abodes of Hades. Sennacherib enters the place of departed spirits. The reception of the new inmate, as described by Isaiah in his magnificent hymn (Isa. xiv. 9-23).*

Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee,  
At thy coming, mighty monarch !  
Sleeping dead for thee it stirreth :  
All the chief ones of the nations.  
All they speak, and say unto thee,  
Art thou also weak as we are ?  
Art thou like to one among us ?  
All thy pomp is brought to nothing,  
And the music of thy viols ;  
Noisome worms, spread underneath thee,  
Give the lie to all thy glory.  
Lucifer ! how art thou fallen  
To the ground, thou Son of morning !  
How the nations didst thou weaken !  
For within thine heart thou boastedst



“ I will climb to lofty heaven,  
Above the stars of God exalted ;  
O'er the height of clouds ascending,  
And be equal with the Highest ! ”  
Yet thou shalt be brought to Hades,  
Down to dwell in pit of darkness ;  
They that see thee shall look on thee,  
And shall say as they consider ;—  
“ Is this he who made earth tremble ?  
Is this he who shook the kingdoms ?  
Made the world a howling desert,  
And destroyed its mighty cities,  
Opening not his captives' prison ? ”  
All the monarchs of the nations,  
Each one lieth in his glory,  
Each one claims his house of silence.  
But like branch cut off and worthless,  
Thou shalt have no grave to keep thee ;  
Like a carcase trodden under,  
Never joined with them in burial ;  
For thou hast destroyed the nations !

## FULL CHORUS.

“So let all Thine enemies perish, O Lord ;  
But let them that love Him be as the Sun,  
When he goeth forth in his might.”

—*Judges* v. 31.

## The Divine Sovereignty.



*"The Lord reigneth."*—Ps. xciii. 1.

*"Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down."*—Ps. cxlv. 13, 14.

*"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre."*—Ps. xlv. 6.



I LOVE to think, Jehovah on the throne  
Of Universal Empire seated is :  
In all the regions of His vast domain,  
Nothing too great to be beyond His sway,  
Nothing too small to be beneath His care !  
While it is He who wheels in realms of light  
Worlds upon worlds ; gives to the wandering  
comet  
Its tortuous course, tracking immensity,  
In cycles measuring a thousand years ;

'Tis He who "feeds the ravens when they  
cry,"

Pencils the hue of ev'ry desert flower ;  
Its summer verdure upon ev'ry blade  
Of grass bestows ; of ev'ry forest leaf  
The fall He watches ; and of ev'ry pulse  
He marks the beat ! The swarming myriads  
In boundless space each movement owe to Him,  
From the small insect fluttering in the breeze,  
Up to the waving of the Angels' wing  
Before the throne. Ye votaries, who raise  
Your altar to an "Unknown God" !—the God  
Ye deify as *Chance* and *Accident*,  
And call His will "inexorable fate" :  
There is no chance-work in the oracle  
Of Righteous Heaven !— Each high behest  
comes forth

The ordination and supreme decree  
Of Wisdom, Love, and Mercy infinite.  
The Parent mourns his child's untimely end,  
Snatched from him in the twinkling of an eye !

Was it the lightning-flash that struck him  
down ?

Traced was the lightning's wingèd path by  
God !

Was it the waves ingulf'd him ? Every bil-  
low

Roll'd at the bidding of Omnipotence.

Was it disease that hurried him away ?

The worm unseen which sapp'd the treasured  
gourd,

Was sent by HIM. The suffering He ordain'd—  
Prepared the sable shroud—and dug the grave !

Our times are His :—His the prerogative  
To do with us and ours as pleaseth Him ;  
We could not be in safer custody !

And, better still, to think, “ the many crowns  
Are placed upon the brow once wreathed with  
thorns :

The God-Man Mediator rules on high.”

Jesus our Shepherd !—choosing us our pasture,

Selecting with unerring faithfulness  
For each their earthly lot ;—Thy heart combines

The Might of Godhead with Humanity  
In all its tenderness. The same who counts  
The number of the stars, can also count  
The number of my sorrows, for Thyself  
Hast felt them all ! The mightiest of Beings  
Is thus the kindest. I can upwards look  
In trembling transport to Thy throne, and say,  
“God ! yet my Brother ! Brother ! yet my  
God !”

## The Yearning of the Father and the Sigh of the Prodigal.

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*“And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.”—LUKE*  
xv. 13, 14.

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“RETURN, Return, the way is long and  
dreary;  
Return, Return, O wand’rer sad and weary;  
Why so with sin beguiled?  
Thy Father’s heart is breaking,  
With this cruel long forsaking,  
Come back, come back, my child!”

“Gladly I would, for with hunger I am  
perishing,

The memories of home still fondly I am  
cherishing,

I'm weary in the wild :  
No Sabbath bells now ringing,  
No loving voices bringing  
Peace to this heart defiled !”

“Return, Return, why any longer linger ?  
There are sandals for your feet, and a ring to  
deck your finger ;

Your Father, reconciled,  
With pity will behold you,  
In his arms He will enfold you,  
Come back, come back, my child !”

“I come, I come, my heart with joy is  
beating,  
I come, I come, as I hear Thee thus entreating,  
With accents fond and mild :



I thought myself forsaken,  
But to-morrow I'll awaken,  
Waken, once more, Thy child ! ”

“ Oh, joyful sight ! at last he is appearing,  
Light up the festal - hall — the wanderer is  
nearing ;

Go, let the board be piled :  
Let fatted calf be killed for him,  
And golden goblets filled for him,  
I've found, I've found my child ! ”

## “But Thou Remainest.”

—6—

*“Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.”*

—HEB. i. 12.

ALL things are fleeting. Summer's burning  
glow

Is soon exchanged for Autumn's mellowed  
skies :

While Winter, surpliced in his robe of snow,  
Stands round the dying year's last obsequies.

Month after month some vacant chair is  
seen,

Some music of home voices hushed and gone ;  
The holy memories of what has been,  
Carved by loved hands on the sepulchral  
stone.

---

Ere long, the sun shall wear his sackcloth pall,  
The moon shall cease to lend her silvery gleam;  
From their bright seats the vassal stars shall  
    fall,

And earth shall vanish like a waking dream:—

“But *Thou* remainest !” O’er no joys of Thine  
Can toll the requiem of the funeral bell;  
But like perennial streams from fount divine,  
Onward they flow unchanged—unchangeable !

## Farewell to Palestine.



BANIAS, MOUNT HERMON, *April 3, 1867.*

THOUGH many be the shores and lands  
My pilgrim steps have wandered o'er,  
From Alpine heights to classic lands ;—  
Oh, never have I felt before

The effort, to pronounce farewell  
To all those varied scenes of thine ;  
No other spot can share thy spell,  
Unique, beloved Palestine !

Yet, not thy outward form can claim  
This tribute-tear in parting now ;  
These fields so drear, these hills so tame,  
The laurels faded on thy brow.

---

Dare I conceal the inward taunt,  
As over mount and vale I trod,  
“Is this indeed the Angel-haunt,  
The Seraph-land—the Home of God?”

Beneath my childhood's skies, I ween,  
A thousand spots I can recall,  
Far lovelier than your loveliest scene,  
Of wood, and lake, and waterfall.

In vain I looked for limpid rills,  
Where Syrian shepherd led his flock,  
No herbage on your blighted hills,  
No pine-tree in “the rifted rock.”

Greater your charms, ye streams of home,  
Which verdant meadows gently lave,  
Than Jordan, with its turgid foam,  
Fast hastening to its Dead Sea grave.

Or Kishon, by whose crimsoned tide  
Confronting hosts their trumpets blew ;  
What is your scanty stream, beside  
My own loved Con, or Avondhu ?

What are the hills of Ephraim bared,  
What Moab's sombre mountain-chair,  
What Judah's limestone heights, compared  
With Grampians seen from Dunsinnane ?

Grander Ben Nevis' rugged slope  
Than Carmel's cliffs of sombre hue ;  
Tabor and Hermon vain can cope  
With Cruachan or Ben-Venue.

No bosky dells with lichen grey,  
No tresses wave on birchen-tree,  
No limpid torrent sings its way  
Mid copse and heather to the sea.

And as the golden daylight fades,  
No antlered monarchs of the hill  
Are seen to steal through forest glades  
And slake their thirst at lake or rill.

. . . . .

But hush :—the one absorbing thought  
Transfigures all the passing scene,  
And makes the present time forgot,  
In musing what the past has been :—

Here Patriarchs lived, here Prophets trod,  
Here Angels on their errands sped ;  
The home of sainted men of God,  
The resting-place of holy dead !

More wondrous still :—on these same hills  
The eye of God Incarnate fell ;  
He walked these paths, He drank these  
rills,  
He sat Him by yon wayside well.

Oft, by that Kedron brook, He heard  
The rustle of its olives grey,  
Or carol of the matin-bird  
Which greeted the first eastern ray.

In Temple court, or noisy street,  
When wearied with the wrangling cry,  
How oft He found a calm retreat  
In thee, thrice-hallowed Bethany :

Watching the evening shadows fall,  
Or glow of sunbeam from the west,  
Transmuting Moab's mountain-wall  
Into a blaze of amethyst !

Or Thou, Gennesaret ! favoured Lake,  
How fragrant with His presence still :  
The deeds of love—the words He spake  
Graved on thy shores indelible !



Thy green hills oft were altar-stairs  
Up which His weary footsteps trod,  
For morning praise and midnight prayers,  
Away from man, alone with God.

He loved the flowers which fringed thy sea,  
He trod thy groves of stately palm,  
Thy carpets of anemone,  
Thy vine-clad hills, and bowers of balm.

. . . . .

Enough.—With kindred interest teems  
Each scene, where'er I gaze around :  
The land throughout a Bethel seems,  
And "every place is hallowed ground."

Adieu ! each shrine of holy thought,  
Each ruined heap—each storied "Tel."  
I pluck the last "Forget-me-not,"  
And now I take a fond farewell !

To-night, on Hermon's northern brow,  
The stars upon our tents shall shine ;  
Set up the stone ! record the vow !  
“ Forget thee, never—Palestine ! ”

The lifelong wish and dream to see  
Thy blessed acres, God has given :  
A lingering tear I drop to thee,  
Thou earthly vestibule of Heaven !

## What is a Noble Life?

(Answer to a question, written *currente calamo*.)\*

— o —

*What is a noble life?*

From its early dawn to its evening time,  
From its morning prime to its curfew-chime,  
The golden ladder of riches to climb.  
To lay the head on a pillow of down,  
With villa in country and mansion in town ;  
With jewels to flash in the festive hall  
The star of the evening carnival :  
Money to gratify every whim,  
The bowl of pleasure full to the brim :  
No common draughts—no common fare—  
A sparkling goblet everywhere :  
Without a thought and without a care.

---

\* This will account for the colloquial style and irregularities in metre.

A butterfly, speeding from flower to flower,  
And sipping its sweets from hour to hour :  
The cry of the needy heard in vain ;  
Never to give, but always to gain,  
The dominant thought of the fevered  
brain :

Self permitted supreme to reign.  
Leaving the widow and orphan to die :  
Nought to distract the ear and eye  
From the singing-birds and the azure sky ;  
And this the soul-soliloquy—  
“ My brother’s keeper I never shall be,  
I hate the sight of misery ;  
Legal provision there is to dispense  
With such things as benevolence.  
From my pillow of ease I shall not rise :  
I never was made to sympathise :  
Alms indiscriminate are unwise ;  
I see not the duty of sacrifice.  
Thou hast goods laid up for years, my  
soul,

A life of pleasure in thy control,  
Go, quaff thy full at the brimming bowl :"—  
That's *not* a noble life.

*What is a noble life?*

To do and dare for others' weal ;  
The weary and stricken heart to heal ;  
To lessen the burden of earthly woe ;  
Over the outcast a shield to throw ;  
Scorning the seat of ignoble ease,  
With constant desire and aim to please ;  
Overlooking self for another's good,  
A blessing in the neighbourhood :  
Meeting the joyous with joyful smiles,  
The sad with kindness which sorrow beguiles ;  
The unforgiving, whose lip reviles,  
With the press of the hand which reconciles.  
Loving to climb the sick man's stair,  
Replenishing the cupboard bare ;  
Soothing the mind oppressed by care,  
With balm-words 'mid earth's tear and wear ;

Owning a brother everywhere.  
In the deep midnight of despair,  
The grief of stricken hearts to share ;  
To sit upon the empty chair,  
And speak of those no longer there.

With an ear alert to the orphan's cry,  
With a hand to wipe the tear-dimmed eye,  
Or to soothe the widow's agony.  
With gentle words, from time to time,  
To lift the outcast plunged in crime  
Out of the depths of their miry slime,  
And reach them the ladder they still may  
climb.

Existence thus a jubilant hymn,  
A chalice of mercy, full to the brim :  
A giving of alms that is prudent and wise :  
"The singing of birds and the azure skies"  
Made sweeter by self-sacrifice.  
Scorning ambition, and pleasure, and pelf,  
The cringing to Mammon, the worship of self ;

Freely receiving, as freely to give,  
For others to plan and to work and to live,—  
That *is* a noble life !

*What is the noblest life ?*

To add to all these a life for God :  
To follow the path the saints have trod :  
With the bended knee each day begun,  
On the bended knee when the day is done :  
With the love and the will of a dutiful  
child,  
Maintaining the conscience undefiled.  
This the rudder by which to steer,  
When the way of duty is not clear,  
“How would my Lord have acted here ?”  
Never to doubt and never to fear  
With Him as my Guide and Pioneer :  
Trusting His grace to bear me through,  
Whate'er be the work I have to do,  
Whether my talents be many or few ;  
Ever unselfish, faithful and true.

To enter on all I undertake,  
Be what it may, for His dear sake ;  
My every thought and my every aim  
Enkindled at His altar-flame.

In going the sick-bed lamp to trim,  
In seeking to aid the eyeball dim,  
In soothing the weary and aching limb,  
To do it all as if done for *Him*.

To see in each gift—in each trifling loan—  
Each seed that is scattered—each handful  
sown,

No effort or deed I can call my own,  
But a debt which I owe to Him alone.  
Content with whate'er be the lot assigned,  
Thankful for blessings,—in trial resigned ;  
Assured that His dealings for good are de-  
signed.

To Him every sorrow and want to confide,  
His Holy Word my unerring guide,  
My watchword sure, "The Lord will pro-  
vide :"



My safety clinging to His side,  
From morning dawn to eventide.  
Careless of riches, honours, and fame,  
Careful alone of a spotless name ;  
Nothing to cause the blush of shame ;  
With a single eye, and a single aim.  
When death's booming waves are heard from  
afar,  
Ready to step in the fiery car,  
And mount to the place where the sainted are,  
To shine still for Christ as a lowly star,  
With no darkness to dim, and no sin to mar.  
To have fought the fight, the race to have run,  
To have heard pronounced His own "Well  
done ;"  
'To have gained the Crown and the Kingdom won.  
To have left the earth by the Seraph-road ;  
In love with man—at peace with God ;  
Lying calmly down on the pillow to die,  
And waking up in Eternity—  
That is the *noblest* life !

# David Livingstone: His Death and Burial.



CHITAMBO, *May 1st*, 1873;  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *April 18th*, 1874.



Now the end of all was nearing  
Underneath the tattered awning ;  
Angels would relieve their vigils  
Ere another morrow's dawning.  
First they raised him from the mud-floor,  
Leaves and grass his pallet only,  
Then they smoothed a downless pillow  
In that desert drear and lonely ;  
While the faithful boy Majwara  
Lay close by his dying master,  
Knowing well how helpless was he  
To avert the dire disaster.

As the waves of life were ebbing,  
Thoughts about the past were ever  
Mingling in the feverish wanderings  
Over mountain, lake, and river.

"Say, is this the Luapula?  
This the chill Lofuko's water?"

"No, my Bwana," \* answered Susi,  
Nursing like a tender daughter;—

"We are near the Mulilamo,  
We are in Chitambo's village,  
You may sleep assured of safety,  
Fearing neither blood nor pillage."

Then he sank in broken slumber;  
Who can tell what he was dreaming?  
Of his childhood days at Blantyre;  
Of the golden sunlight gleaming  
Through old Bothwell's storied Castle,  
Lighting its umbrageous meadows;  
Or when in the silver moonlight  
He had watched the tender shadows?

---

\* "Master"—the name by which they addressed him.

Or it may be of the Mother  
Who the Mission torch first lighted,  
Which her son had borne to regions  
By the direst curse benighted ?  
Or, perchance, the sainted partner  
Who in life had shared his dangers,  
Dreaming she had closed his eyelids  
In the far-off land of strangers ?

Now his sight is quickly fading,—  
“Susi—come and light the candle ;  
Fill my med’cine-cup with water,  
Guide my fingers to the handle.”  
Promptly were his wishes answered,  
Half were guessed from speech so broken ;  
“You can go,” in feeble whispers,  
Were the last words that were spoken.

It was four in summer morning,  
When the herbs with dewdrops glisten,  
That the wakeful Negro rises,  
Creeping to the couch to listen.

But all watchings now are needless,  
Footsteps gliding soft and slowly ;  
For his fond, devoted master  
Resteth with the Good and Holy !

Forth he speeds to faithful Susi,  
Rousing him from fitful slumber ;  
“ Come to Bwana—follow quickly,  
Chumah, come with all our number ! ”  
Hastily they ran together,  
Entering the silent shieling,  
There they gazed upon the dead man  
To his God devoutly kneeling !  
“ Hush ! our master still is praying,”  
For they deemed they were mistaken,  
Thinking he had slept from weakness,  
And would by-and-by awaken.  
“ Yet, come, feel how cold his cheek is ;  
Matthew ! can you hear no breathing ?  
Has the forehead ceased its throbbing ?  
And the chest its cruel heaving ? ”

Yes, indeed, it all was over ;  
Pain, unrest, and toil are ended ;  
He has gone to meet his kindred,  
Spirit hath with spirit blended :  
On Almighty strength, the hero  
In the hour of death reposes ;  
Prayer began his noble warfare,  
And with prayer the battle closes.  
He has gone to get the welcome,  
“ Good and faithful servant enter ; ”  
Summon in no hired minstrels,  
AFRICA ! be his lamenter.  
As “ All Israel ” mourned for Samuel,  
Let your millions, broken-hearted,  
Gather round in tears and sackcloth,  
And bewail the Great Departed !

. . . . .  
. . . . .

Within England's reverend Minster,  
Proud custodier of the ages,

Resting-place of kings and princes,  
Poets, heroes, statesmen, sages ;  
Every head is bowed in silence  
As the mourner's tread is sounding ;  
Strange, unwonted is the homage  
Of the tear-dimmed crowd surrounding.  
Who this honoured entrant ? counted  
Worthy of these precincts hoary ;  
Brotherhood assigned with sleepers  
" Each one lying in his glory ? "

'Tis the good man we have gazed on  
On his desert bier reposing,  
Tender children of his wanderings  
Closing eyes and limbs composing.  
When the burst of grief was over,  
And the public days to mourn him,  
Through a thousand miles of desert  
These his faithful sons had borne him.  
Only, first the clamant favour  
AFRICA had made with weeping,

“ If you will his dust to England,  
Let his heart be in my keeping !”  
It was done :—the lowly casket  
Safe was laid beneath a mvula ; \*  
Then the funeral cortege slowly  
Wended towards the Luapula.  
Over sandy wastes they traversed,  
Scorning toil or leagues to measure ;  
Bating heart or hope no moment,  
On they bore their priceless treasure.

In that ancient Fane are gathered  
Men of every clime and order,  
Brothers from his native Clydesdale,  
Clansmen from beyond the border :  
Best and choicest sons of England  
In the common grief are sharing,  
Peer and statesman—royal depute,  
Each his *immortelle* is bearing :

---

\* A large tree standing by the place, and on which Jacob Wainwright carved the name and date of death.



Hushed the shibboleth of party,  
“All the creeds” these aisles are thronging;  
Champion he of no mean faction,  
But to Christendom belonging.  
Rise ! ye warrior dead around him,  
Solemn shades of the departed !  
Rise ! and give ungrudging welcome  
To the true and noble-hearted.  
Well may costliest rites be paid him,  
Gush of song and organ pealing ;  
Wake to life your holiest echoes,  
Fretted aisle and gilded ceiling !  
· · · · ·  
Now the obsequies are over :  
Dust with kindred dust has blended ;  
But as Sabbath’s sun is westering,  
Multitudes anew have wended  
To the shrine which holds his ashes :  
Crowds again of every station  
Throng within the spacious precincts  
For the funeral oration.

Who among the favoured listeners  
 Can forget that music thrilling,  
 Like the voice of many waters,  
 Choir and nave and transept filling,  
 As the words of Inspiration  
 Sweetly told the Pilgrim's story,  
 Or portrayed his noble life-work  
 Haloed with prophetic glory;—  
 “When the wilderness shall blossom,  
 Fountains in the desert springing,  
 And like Lebanon and Carmel  
 Break forth into joy and singing.”\*  
 Or when rose “O God of Bethel,”†

---

\* Isa. xxxi. 1, 2. The Anthem selected.

† The well-known paraphrase, placed at the end of Scottish Bibles, and so peculiarly appropriate to the occasion—

“O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed;  
 Who through this weary pilgrimage  
 Hast all our fathers led.

. . . . .  
 “Oh spread Thy covering wings around  
 Till all our wanderings cease,  
 And at our Father's loved abode  
 Our souls arrive in peace,” &c.

Simple words, so dearly cherished,  
By the Great man from his childhood,  
To the day he nobly perished.

Silent then the strains of music ;  
And amid a hush unbroken,  
Lofty words of panygeric  
By befitting lips were spoken.

. . . . .

Rites are ended :—and the “Dead March,”  
With a cadence slow and measured,  
Wailed its dirges o’er the ashes  
Which the nation’s crypt had treasured.  
Rest in peace, thou hero-martyr !  
Grandly simple is thy story :  
Scotland gave thee—England keeps thee,  
And to God we give the glory.

## The Incorruptible.

—o—

*"It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption."*

—I COR. xv. 42.

—

EARTHLY tabernacle shaking,  
Earthly beams and rafters breaking,  
Tell the outward man's decay :—  
But through chinks of battered ceiling,  
Rays of heavenly glory stealing,  
Harbinger eternal day.

Oh be mine that morn of brightness,  
When, in robes of vestal whiteness,  
Myriads rise no more to die ;  
Gazing back on death's dark portal,  
Seeing all that once was mortal  
Clothed with immortality !

## Missionary Hymn—The Cross of Christ.



*"Lift ye up a banner."*—ISA. xiii. 2.

*"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all  
men unto me."*—JOHN xii. 32.



LIFT, lift the Cross of Christ :—Tell of grace  
abounding ;

In every tribe and kingdom let His banner be  
unfurled.

Blow, blow the trumpet, loud and lofty sound-  
ing,

Till its tones of jubilee echo round the world.

Sow, sow the Gospel seed :—Forget the night  
of weeping ;

The furrows are athirst, and invite the pre-  
cious grain :

They that sow in tears, shall yet have a  
glorious reaping,  
And bearing harvest treasure "shall rejoicing  
come again."

Gird, gird the loins about, let the lights be  
burning ;  
Be like servants waiting for the coming of  
their Lord :  
Lest the Royal Bridegroom find on His return-  
ing  
Lamps of faith untrimmed, and the oil of grace  
unstored.

Work, work while yet the spring flowers deck  
the meadows ;  
While times of blessing linger, and working  
seasons last :  
Before the landscape darken with evening's  
lengthened shadows,  
The summer sunshine ended, and the joy of  
harvest past.

Lift, lift the Cross of Christ :—Tell of grace  
abounding ;

In every tribe and kingdom let His banner be  
unfurled.


Blow, blow the trumpet, loud and lofty sound-  
ing,

Till its tones of jubilee echo round the world !

## Mizpah.



*"And Mizpah: for he said, The Lord watch between me  
and thee, when we are absent one from another."*—  
GEN. xxxi. 49.



WHEN far from the hearts where our fondest  
thoughts centre,

Denied for a time their loved presence to  
share ;

In spirit we meet, when the closet we enter,  
And hold sweet communion together in  
prayer.

Oh ! fondly I think, as night's curtains sur-  
round them,

The Shepherd of Israël tenderly keeps ;  
The angels of light are encamping around them,  
They are watched by the eye that ne'er  
slumbers nor sleeps.



When the voice of the morning once more  
shall awake them,

And summon them forth to the calls of the  
day,

I will leave them with Him who will never  
forsake them,

The Friend ever near, though all else be away.

Then why should one thought of anxiety seize  
us,

Though absence divide us from those whom  
we love ;

They rest in the covenant mercy of Jesus,

Their prayers meet with ours in the mansions  
above.

Oh, blest bond of friendship ! whate'er may  
betide us,

Though on life's stormy billow our barks  
may be driven,

Nor distance, nor trial, nor death may divide us,  
Eternal reunion awaits us in Heaven !

## The Rock of Ages.



*"Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."*—MICAHAH v. 2.

*"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."*—Ps. xlv. 6.

*"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."*—ISA. ix. 6.

*"He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."*—REV. xix. 16.

*"And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."*—ISA. xxxii. 2.

*"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."*—REV. v. 13.



GREAT Rock of Ages, swathed in clouds of light,  
Whose heights unclimbed, ne'er foot of angel  
trod :

Ancient of Days—Almighty—Infinite !

Older than Nature's eldest-born :—Great  
God—

We praise, we bless, we magnify Thy name !

And as before the birth of Time wert Thou,  
So, through unending ages still the same,  
Past, present, future, one eternal Now !

Thou didst descend from everlasting bliss,  
In manger born, to raise us up on high ;  
A woe-worn Pilgrim in earth's wilderness,  
Wedding our finite dust with Deity.

Around Thy path no blazoned banners wave ;  
No jewelled diadem Thy brows adorned ;  
Thy cradle borrowed, and a borrowed grave,  
Servant of servants, poor, despised, and  
scorned ! -

The spotless Lamb is to the slaughter led,  
The Son of man and Lord of Glory dies ;  
For us ! for us ! He bowed His thorn-wreathed  
head :

O mystery transcending mysteries !

The mighty triumph is at last complete,  
Hell's myriad hosts are vanquished and uncrowned,

Death lays his sceptre at the Victor's feet,  
And captive millions rise with chains unbound.

O Saviour God, ascended up on high,  
Thou Great High Priest within the Temple-veil,

To all that call upon Thee ever nigh,  
"Prince who hast power with God, and must prevail ;"

Thou who dost reign Thy Church's Lord and Head,

With many crowns upon Thy regal brow,  
Thou who shalt come to judge both quick and dead,

Unfailing Shelter ! hide Thy servant now ;—  
That when archangel's trump is pealing loud,  
"When every mountain shall a Sinai be :"

---

When sun and moon shall wear their sackcloth  
shroud,

Creation in her final agony ;—

“Found” in Thy clefts, and shielded by Thy  
might,

From Thy blest love and presence nought  
may sever ;

Earth’s shadows merged in Heaven’s unclouded  
light,

Securely sheltered in THE ROCK, FOR EVER !

## Early Graves.

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*"Shall the dust praise Thee? shall it declare Thy truth?"*—PS. xxx. 8.

*"TO WHAT PURPOSE IS THIS WASTE?"*—MATT. xxvi. 8.

---

OH, "*to what purpose is this waste?*"

The words kept ringing in my ear,  
As with a trembling hand, I placed  
A green wreath on her early bier.

It was not in life's winter time  
These blooming buds were wrenched away;  
But in the blaze of summer's prime,  
"Her sun went down ere 'twas day."

The *aged* in God's acre lie,  
Their names are on its tombstones traced  
But why should early promise die?  
Say, "*to what purpose is this waste?*"

Fondly I prized that lovely mind,  
Where all was gentle, sweet, and mild,  
A thousand fragrant flowers entwined  
The earth bower of my sainted child.

Forth sped the doom, "Return to dust ;"  
In the cold grave my treasure lies ;  
Was I a traitor to my trust,  
Forgetting not to idolise ?

"Oh, to what purpose is this waste ?"  
Last week I heard the ringing laugh ;  
To-day, through anguished tears are traced  
The letters of her epitaph !

I miss her footsteps at my door,  
I miss her seated by my chair,  
I miss her in the corridor,  
When gathering at the hour of prayer.

I miss her, as the bell's sweet tone  
Is ringing in the Sabbath feast :  
In the draped pew I kneel alone,  
The music of her voice has ceased.

I miss her at the sunset glow,  
When seated by the greenwood tree ;  
I miss her wheresoe'er I go,  
For she was all in all to me.

To-day I stood beside her tomb,  
The churchyard's silent walk I paced ;  
And echo answered through the gloom,  
"Lord, to what purpose is this waste?"

. . . . .

Hush these presumptuous thoughts : refrain  
From judging with unseemly haste,  
In His own time God will explain  
His "purpose" in the seeming "waste."



Oh mourn not, that in early prime  
They are removed whom He hath given :  
He rings this early morning chime  
To bring His loved ones safe to Heaven.

Better the lamb with fleece unstained  
Thus early taken from the flock :  
Better the flower thus plucked untrained,  
And saved the wintry tempest-shock.

The orb which seems to disappear  
Behind earth's dull horizon-rim,  
Shines in a better hemisphere  
In the bright world of Seraphim.

Though from this lonely heart, too soon  
The blossom dropped ere yet full blown,  
I thank Him who bestowed the boon,  
I bless Him for the transient loan.

Wipe then the eye that anguished weeps  
O'er ties thus early, rudely torn :  
"The damsel is not dead but sleeps,"  
I'll meet her in the heavenly morn.

Then will the Lord no more conceal  
The way that cannot now be traced ;  
In His own light He will reveal  
The "PURPOSE" of this seeming "WASTE."

E'en now,—as wakeful memory flings  
These saddening shades,—methinks I hear  
The rustle of her Angel-wings  
And words are whispered in mine ear,—

"Check the vain wish," she seems to say,  
"That would me from my bliss recall ;  
We meet in yonder realms of day,  
To keep Eternal Festival !"

"HE ASKED LIFE OF THEE, AND THOU GAVEST HIM A  
LONG LIFE : EVEN FOR EVER AND EVER."—PS. xxi. 4.  
(*Prayer-Book Version.*)

## A Threecfold Litany.



*"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."*—1 JOHN i. 7.

*"Jesus wept."*—JOHN xi. 35.

*"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed. So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."—MATT. xxvii. 59, 60, 66.*



By Thy cross and passion, Lord !

By Thy precious blood outpoured

By Thy untold woes for me,

Suffered in Gethsemane :

By Thy last expiring cries ;

By Thy priceless sacrifice ;

Jesus, bend Thy loving eye—

Wash my *sins* of crimson dye !

By those touching accents spoken  
To the lone heart crushed and broken :  
Giving back "The Widow's Son,"  
Her beloved—her only one ;  
By that fond and tender tear  
Falling on a Brother's bier ;  
By each word bequeathed by Thee  
At the grave of Bethany.

Jesus, bend Thy loving eye  
When *bereaved* to Thee I cry !

By Thy still, departed breath,  
Vanquished Vanquisher of death !  
Once adored of cherubim,  
Now with rayless eyeballs dim ;  
By Thy passage through the tomb,  
Entering silent Hades' gloom :  
By the shroud the weepers saw,  
In the grave of Golgotha—

Jesus, bend Thy loving eye—  
Oh be with me when I *die* !

## Here and There.



*"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 COR. xiii. 12.*

*"Mortality shall be swallowed up of life."—2 COR. v. 4.*

*"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—REV. xxi. 4.*



HERE all our joys are fleeting,  
Like tidal waves retreating,  
And leaving rippled footprints upon the sandy  
shore ;  
But, in that world of glory,  
No voice can wail the story  
Of pleasures that have faded and joys that are  
no more.

Here there are vacant places,  
Here there are absent faces,

Or smiles that mutely greet us from portraits  
on the wall ;

But there, affliction never

The dearest ties can sever,

Or presence of bereavement sad memories recall.

Here there is oft disowning ;

The wounded heart bemoaning

The faithlessness of those we were born on  
earth to love :

But there, no heart is broken,

By cruel thoughts outspoken,

Estrangement is unknown 'mong the brother-  
hood above.

Here some unlooked for sorrow

May cloud the sunniest morrow,

And wreck our fragile barks upon a stormy sea :

But there, no waves are rolling,

No funeral bells heard tolling,

Our loved and lost restored, and for ever, Lord,  
with Thee.

---

Here legion foes surround us,  
The Tempter's chains have bound us,  
Corruption, pride, and passion hold wild  
    revelry within.

But there, the conflict ended,  
Each saint shall be defended  
From the tyranny of Satan—the demon power  
    of sin.

Here before every mortal,  
There lies the gloomy portal,  
DEATH waves his icy sceptre and the chilling  
    shadow falls.

But there, through Gateway glorious,  
We enter shall victorious,  
Upon the LIFE eternal, within the Jaspars-  
    walls.

## Even So.

—o—

*“Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”—*

MATT. xi. 26.

—

*O! my Father, EVEN SO!*

Nought is stable earth can show;

Vanishing like wreaths of snow,

Or like transient sunset-glow.

Sorrows will their shadow throw;

Withered leaves the pathway strew,

Gourds are smitten as they grow;

Friendships come, and friendships go:

Billows tossing to and fro;

All at best a passing show.

But, amid the ebb and flow,

'Tis enough for me to know,

All that happens here below,

Thou in love appointest so:

Taking what Thou didst bestow,

Raising up, and laying low,—

EVEN SO!



## The Possession of Iniquity.



*"Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." —*

JOB xiii. 26.



WHO would covet the possession  
Of a direful hoard like this ?  
Heritage of old transgression,  
Sin its own dread Nemesis ?

Mountain upon mountain towering  
With black summits to the skies,  
Conscience-stricken spirits cowering  
From avenging memories !

Furies with their "snaky tresses"  
Baring scourges long concealed,  
Hunting guilt from dark recesses  
Never dreamt to be revealed.

Contents of sin's poisoned chalice,  
Which perchance the guiltless shared,

Looks of envy—words of malice—  
Deeds of darkness—all unbared.

Nothing hidden—nothing perished—  
Scarlet stain or crimson blot ;  
Vain the dream presumption cherished,  
“Surely God regardeth not.”

Oh, when Angel-trump is pealing,  
Can the record be effaced ?  
How evade the dread revealing  
Which the pen of Heaven has traced ?

Go, in penitence bewailing,  
Go, and now bemoan thy guilt :  
Trust the promise never failing,  
“I will save thee if thou wilt.”

Hasten, every soul despairing,  
At the cross of Jesus fall ;  
Though with legion sins repairing,  
He will freely pardon all.

## The Strength of the Weary.

—o—

*"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved?"—SOLOMON'S SONG viii. 6.*

—

WHAT dejected form is this  
Coming from the wilderness?  
Feeble step, and languid eye,  
Tell a chequer'd history;  
Weary one, art thou a'one,  
With no arm to lean upon?

"Everlasting arms of love  
Are beneath, around, above;  
He who left His throne of light,  
And unnumber'd angels bright;  
He who faced the fiery flood,  
Braved the baptism of blood;  
Who upon th' accursed tree  
Gave His precious life for me.

He it is that bears me on,  
His the arm I lean upon.

“He who marks each falling tear  
Of His burden'd pilgrims here ;  
He who wields creation's rod,  
He my Brother, yet my God,  
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,  
Vigils ever wakeful keeping,  
Faithful He, whate'er betide,  
Is my Everlasting Guide !

“All things hasten to decay,  
Earth and seas must pass away ;  
Soon must yonder circling sun  
Cease his blazing course to run.  
Scenes may vary, friends grow strange,  
But *The Changeless* cannot change ;  
Fellowship that nought can sever,  
Loving once, He loves for ever !  
Say, with such a Friend as this,  
Who would dread the wilderness ?”

## Barzillai the Gileadite.



2 SAMUEL xvii. 27, 28; xix. 31-39.

[PRELUDE.]

NOBLEST of all Arab chieftains,  
Old Barzillai, princely-hearted,  
From the fastnesses of Gilead,  
With his band of bold retainers,  
In the hour of adverse fortune,  
In the hour of sudden exile,  
To the outcast David hastens.  
Armed with words and deeds of kindness,  
Sped he 'cross his mountain-passes,  
With the produce of his meadows,  
Sympathising with the fallen.  
How the old man loved to bring  
Offerings to the crownless king!

. . . . .

Now the looming clouds have vanished ;  
Low is laid the base usurper,  
And his rebel horde are scattered.  
Once more do the sons of Judah  
Welcome back their banished monarch ;  
Jubilant the path of triumph  
With the plaudits of his people,  
As they bear him home to Zion.  
Yet again does brave Barzillai  
Hasten from his desert stronghold,  
To partake in the ovation,  
And bestow his farewell blessing.

Hear the words that passed between them :—

DAVID.

“Welcome, welcome, great Barzillai !  
Not with gold can I repay thee :  
To my palace on Mount Zion  
Come with me, I fondly pray thee .

Choicest portions shall be thine,  
Pledges of a friendship stable ;  
Golden goblets filled with wine,  
Choicest seat around my table."

BARZILLAI.

"Nay," did the aged chief reply,  
"My only--best reward will be,  
That in thus hastening with relief,  
I loyal was to truth and thee ;  
Shunning the dastard's part and woe  
Who tramples on a humbled foe.  
Thanks for the kindly offer made  
To join thy princely cavalcade :  
But let me go, I dare not stay,  
But homeward I must bend my way."

DAVID.

"Mighty chief, we must not sever :  
Let my urgent wish decide thee :  
Cross with me the border river,  
Make thy home for life beside me :

Though thou leave thy warrior clan,  
This right arm shall never fail thee ;  
Thou shalt share my own divan,  
Zion's music shall regale thee."

BARZILLAI.

"Nay, son of Jesse, speak not thus,  
Nor seek to importune me so :  
I know thee too magnanimous,  
To urge unduly :—Let me go.  
Remember, that full fourscore years  
Have left their scars upon my brow,  
I dare not leave my mountaineers  
To seek another homestead now.  
How long have I to live, that I  
Should join thy royal caravan ?  
Songs to dull ears no joys supply,  
No rest for age a rich divan.  
Once was the time when such could please,  
When glad I hailed the festive hour,  
And revelled, in the couch of ease,



O'er trill of bird and breath of flower.  
When on this head no raven lock  
Was blanched with flake of winter snow,  
When I could brave the battle shock  
And take or give the warrior's blow.  
When agile limbs could nimbly chase  
Up dizzy heights the wild gazelle,  
Or higher mount the precipice  
Where only could the eagle dwell.  
Or when these ears with joy could hear  
The dulcet notes of pastoral reed ;  
The shepherd boy or mountaineer  
Discoursing by the verdant mead.  
But now no songs can reach my ear,  
The gush of music fails to charm ;  
Nor can the war-trump, loud and clear,  
Wake to old deeds this faltering arm.  
The pilgrim staff supplants the sword.  
Return—Beloved of thy Lord :  
I only would a burden be,  
Illustrious warrior king, to thee !

Pass, then, with your brilliant pageant,  
Tempt me not to go from hence ;  
On with your retainers valiant,  
Nought seek I of recompense.  
Age demands but one employment ;  
Let me in my home abide ;  
Suffer me the calm enjoyment  
Of a quiet eventide  
Let me go, and not detain me,  
In my city let me die ;  
Palace halls would only pain me,  
Let me with my kindred lie.  
This one boon alone I crave,  
Lay me in my parents' grave."

. . . . .

When the king came over Jordan,  
Then he gave the kiss of friendship ;  
And thus spake to old Barzillai,  
When the moment came for parting :—

## DAVID.

“Go ! and may Jehovah shield thee !

Aged chieftain—go in peace !

May thy fields abundance yield thee,

Ever may thy flocks increase.

“Be thy home in tent or city,

Desert's fort or shepherd's fold ;

May He thine unselfish pity

Recompense a thousand fold.

“And when full of years and hoary,

Thou shalt with thy kindred lie,

May thy children learn the story

How to live and how to die !”

## Sufficient Grace.

— o —

*"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."*—MATT. vi. 34.

*"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."*—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

How many linger on life's way,  
Forecasting vain their future sorrow :  
He who gives needed strength to-day,  
Will give it for that unknown morrow.

"Sufficient is My grace for thee ;"  
Be this the cure for care's corrodings :  
"As is thy day thy strength shall be,"  
May well disperse all dark forbodings.

Then garner no redundant store ;  
Nor for the future seek to borrow ;  
Enough for present use—no more ;  
So "take no thought about to-morrow."

## Be Ye also Ready.



*"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."*—MATT. XXV. 6.



CHARTERED heirs of endless glory,  
Wondrous is the bliss before you !  
Live with your salvation nigh,  
Ready for the midnight cry.  
Dying moments dread not so ;  
These are but the portico  
Opening to your Father's hall ;  
Shadows for a moment fall,  
Then Eternal festival !  
Life, not death, is surely this,—  
Birthday of unending bliss !  
Soon the Lord you love will come,  
Safely to conduct you home.

Gird your loins, your lanterns trim,  
Watch, and wait, and work for Him :  
Be ye faithful servants all,  
Longing for the Master's call.



“ We have gained our Home at last,  
In His Palace bright and glorious ;  
Every wave of Jordan past,  
Over every foe victorious.

Now across the border river,  
From His presence nought can sever ;  
We shall sing His praise for ever.”

Hark ! a peal of heavenly bells,  
  Ringing, ringing,  
With ten thousand voices sweet,  
  Singing, singing—

“ Now we read God’s ways aright :  
All that evil once portended,  
In the blaze of Heavenly light,  
Is with love and wisdom blended.

Seen across the border river,  
From His presence nought can sever ;  
We shall sing His praise for ever.”



---

Hark ! a peal of heavenly bells,  
                                Ringing, ringing,  
With ten thousand voices sweet,  
                                Singing, singing—  
“ Here beloved friends we meet ;  
Here restored their smiles of gladness ;  
Everlasting bliss complete,  
Joys unmixed with aught of sadness.  
Fought the fight—the kingdom won,  
Death behind us—life before us,  
While eternal ages run,  
Never shall we cease the chorus—  
    We are safe beyond the river,  
    From His presence nought can sever ;  
    We shall sing His praise for ever.”

## The Contrite and Humble Spirit.



*"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."—ISA. lvii 15.*



O THOU, whose Palace is on high,  
By myriad angel-hosts adored :  
Who cease not day nor night to cry,  
"All holy, holy, is the Lord !"

A lowlier, humbler home than this,  
Is dignified as Thine abode :  
The heart for sin that broken is,  
Becomes Thy dwelling-place, O God !

Let no base things athwart its halls,  
Their dark, polluted shadow throw ;  
Let joy and love adorn its walls,  
And peace surmount its portico !

The myrtles grow not on the heights,  
The lily seeks the valley-shade,  
The lark in lowliest furrow lights,  
The fullest corn-ear droops its head.

Let such a lowly heart be mine ;  
Such incense from life's altar rise ;  
Conquer my pride, O grace Divine !  
Its demon-spirit exorcise.

The High and Lofty One awaits  
To enter in. Prepare the way ;  
Undo the bolts—lift up the gates—  
Welcome the Heavenly Guest to-day !

## Ebenezer.

— o —

*"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee."*—DEUT. viii. 2.

*"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah."*—EX. xv. 23.

*"And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters."*—EX. xv. 27.

—

I WILL remember all the way  
By which the Lord my God hath led me;  
A fire by night—a cloud by day—  
With heavenly manna He has fed me.

The Marah-streams of sorrow few,  
Have with their bitter waters found me;  
While Elim's mercies, ever new,  
Have spread their palm-shade oft around me!

---

While yet I tread this Vale of Tears,  
While yet this tongue hath strength to praise  
Thee ;

Let me, throughout my waning years,  
New Ebenezers fondly raise Thee !

And, when I reach eternal day,—  
The manna ceased, on earth which fed me,—  
Still, I'll remember all the way  
By which the Lord my God hath led me !

## Prayer.



*"He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."*—LUKE vi. 12.

*"At night. He went out, and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives."*—LUKE xxi. 37.

*"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."*—HEB. iv. 16.



OFt as the daylight hours were gone,  
When friends forsook, and foes beset,  
The Saviour of the world, alone,  
Retired to pray on Olivet.

And still by faith I climb its steep,  
A respite from earth's cares to find ;  
To hush distracting thoughts asleep,  
Amid this Sabbath of the mind.

---

The saint in glory owns and sees  
A brother in the Man of prayer ;  
The little infant on its knees  
Is kinsman to each seraph there.

Oh ! may I cherish more and more  
The shelter of this calm retreat,  
And realise the bliss in store  
For those who love the Mercy-seat.

When ends at last life's little day,  
The Master's final summons given ;  
On Prayer I still shall soar away,  
Till changed to songs of Praise in heaven.

## Scepticism and Faith.

—o—

*"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."*—Ps.  
xiv. 1.

*"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."*—2 COR. iv. 6.

*"For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."*  
—2 TIM. i. 12.

OH, sad is he who can descry,  
No higher God than "Destiny,"  
Ruling this world so fair:  
Who in life's loom the shuttles see  
Weaving their web capriciously,  
Without Artificer:  
A barque, unpiloted, astray,—  
The sport of fitful winds and spray;  
Poor self-abandoned castaway,  
Drifting he knows not where.



Thrice happy, Lord, are those who see  
This bright creation all in Thee,  
And there Thy footsteps trace :  
And happier those to Jesus led,  
Renew'd, forgiven, and comforted,  
The children of His grace ;  
Exulting in His boundless love ;  
Longing, on wings of soaring dove  
To mount to brighter worlds above,  
His glorious dwelling-place.

“I know in whom I have believed ;”  
He who by dying has achieved  
What I could ne'er have won ;  
O Saviour, I commit my soul  
Unto Thy loving, wise control ;  
And when my race is run,—  
When on that great and solemn day  
The heavens and earth shall pass away,  
My still unwavering trust and stay  
Shall be in Thee alone.

## Life's Eventide.



*"The day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out."*—JER. vi. 4.

*"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."*—JOHN xi. 28.



THE hour draws nigh, when evening shades  
Stretched out shall be in checkered glades,  
And earth's familiar landscape fades.

When death around its darkness flings,  
Be these mysterious shadowings,  
The shade of the Almighty's wings !

When the last summons comes to me,  
Like Angel whispering let it be—  
"The Master's come, and calls for thee !"

And friends who final vigils keep,  
With this glad thought will cease to weep—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep !"

## Hymn of the Exiled Vaudois.

(“*La Rentrée Glorieuse*, 1686.”)



GREAT God of armies ! King of kings !

O spread Thine everlasting wings

Around our pilgrim band ;

Still o'er us may Thy banner stream,

And in Thy strength we shall redeem

Our cherished Fatherland !

Soon shall this night of trouble end,

If Thou from Zion help wilt send

And cause Thy face to shine :

For neither buckler, spear, nor shield

Can win for us the battle-field,

The victory is Thine :

Remember, Lord, Thine ancient fold ;

The hero-martyrs, who of old

Bled on these mountains bare ;

Their couch the sod, their home the cave,  
Their only resting-place, the grave,  
The snow their sepulchre.

And let Thy grace and power appear,  
To us, their children, banished here,  
When unto Thee we cry ;  
See, they have laid our altars low,  
And, wasted by the cruel foe,  
Our sanctuaries lie.

Hear us, O God ! and peace impart  
To many a broken, bleeding heart,  
From home and kindred torn ;  
Wilt Thou refuse the exiled race  
Their father's peaceful dwelling-place,  
And cast us off forlorn ?

Jehovah is our sure defence,  
And, guarded by Omnipotence,  
Our onward march shall be ;  
Supported by our living Head,  
And by the God of battles led  
To death or victory !

“Love of Right, and Scorn of  
Wrong.”

— o —

*“Fraudulent bankruptcy of the old established firm  
of ———, &c. &c.”—DAILY PAPER.*

—

MUST we wail in dirgeful numbers,  
Over an apostate age ;  
And arraign a nation—faithless  
To her noblest heritage ?  
Why these stoops to base intriguing ?  
Where has high-soul'd Honour fled ?  
Why the beauteous shrine so empty  
Where she once was worshipp'd ?  
What erewhile was England's glory,  
Chronicled in prose and song,  
Reckoned an effete old story—  
“*Love of right, and scorn of wrong.*”

Vain to boast, "her meteor-pennon  
Braves the battle and the breeze ;"  
That her adamantine navies  
Ride the champions of the seas :  
Vain that on gigantic anvils  
Hundred thousand hammers ring,  
Wealth of brain and power of muscle  
Cyclop trophies fashioning :—  
If she suffer pelf and mammon,  
Lording o'er her million throng,  
To eclipse her yeoman motto—  
*"Love of right, and scorn of wrong."*

Owners of her fields of plenty,  
Ye who reap the golden grain,  
As ye store your harvest treasures,  
Hold in scorn illicit gain.  
As ye walk the marts of commerce,  
As ye plant, or build, or sell,  
Let all arts of over-reaching  
Shunned be as the gates of hell.

Keep your conscience pure, untainted ;  
Be existence short or long,  
Hold aloft the golden watchword—  
*“ Love of right, and scorn of wrong.”*

## The Mutable and the Immutable.

(Translation of a prose chapter into blank verse.)



*"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."*—

Ps. cii. 26, 27.

*"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."*—HEB. xiii. 8.



LET the dumb earth bear witness ! for her hills  
And rocks are stony tablets :—nature's scroll,  
On which with iron pen she has inscribed  
The story of her own vicissitude :  
Strata on strata piled—a shelved museum  
And sepulchre of races long extinct.  
Where forests grew and living creatures  
    roamed,  
To-day a waste of waters : while where hum  
Of cities now ascends or mountains rise,  
The boom of sounding billows once was heard.



Behold her mighty empires passed away,  
“Like as a dream when one awakeneth!”  
The night owl screeches, and the jackal  
howls

Amid the wastes of Babylon. See how  
The pick-axe and the shovel have exhumed  
The winged symbols of Assyrian power,  
Long buried in their desert sepulchre !  
Where stood the palaces of Queenly Tyre  
And the green waters laved her marble  
walls,

The fisher's net is spread. The Roman  
Eagle

Steered its stupendous flight for centuries  
Over a prostrate world. At last it falls  
With wings collapsed ; and other harpy birds  
Of evil omen, from the forest swamps  
Of hyperborean regions, build their nests  
On the proud summits of her Capitol.

Such is the story of earth's proudest tribes ;

The web of nations weaving and unweaved ;  
Empires dismembered ; jewelled sceptres  
    crushed,  
Which dreamt of nought but immortality !

Each human life a miniature of this ;  
From infant smiles, on to the tears of death,  
The roll and record of incessant change.  
Manhood ! attest it :—where th' ancestral tree  
Beneath whose shadow childhood loved to play ;  
The willow-branch that kissed the purling  
    brook ;  
The smiles that greeted at the garden gate :  
Or worshippers, at sound of Sabbath bell  
Hasting their steps across the village green  
To pay their weekly homage ? Where the  
    group  
That sat unbroken round the cheerful hearth ?  
“ The place that knew them knoweth them no  
    more ! ”  
Scattered are some to hold their varied ways

In the great world :—while others have set  
sail,

Shipload on shipload to the si'ent land,  
Bequeathing empty chairs and vacant hearts !  
How many cherished flowers of promise fair  
Have drooped and paled and died ere summer  
came !

How many waving harvests has the flood  
At reaping time remorseless swept away !  
How many beauteous piles of amber-cloud,  
Condensing into vap'rous showers, have fallen !  
Rainbows dissolving quickly as they formed !  
The bough, on which the treasured nest was  
built,

Felled by the axe, or broken by the storm !  
The golden viaduct of early morn  
Changed, ere the evening, to a "Bridge of  
Sighs !"

Such are life's airy bubbles ;—passing joys,  
Dancing their little moment on the stream,

Then vanishing for ever ! Say, amid  
These severed friendships, — buried earthly  
    loves,—

The rude heart-shocks of passion, and caprice  
Of changing fortune ;—are no Rock-clefts found  
Wherein to fold the wing and sink to rest ?

Oh ! turn to Him, who amid every change  
Remaineth changeless. Like yon Alpine peak,  
By human foot unscaled—unscaleable ;  
Summer and winter clad with virgin snow.  
With kingly mien it downwards seems to  
    gaze

Upon the riot of the elements :  
No jewel in its icy crown displaced ;  
No wrinkle on its everlasting brow.  
Type of the Rock of Ages ! high above  
All fluctuations. Human props may fail ;  
The dearest fellowships of earth may cease ;  
Estranged from brother may a brother be,  
Sister from sister, friend grow cold to friend.

But One upon the Throne of Heaven remains  
More faithful than a brother ! Lift your gaze  
Above these leafless boughs, and wintry skies,  
And slanting shadows ; and exulting say,  
“ *Thou* art the same, Thy years they shall not  
fail ! ”

He sitteth in His world of calm, beyond  
The reach of mutability : unchanged  
'Mid fitful storm and sunshine, births and  
deaths,  
Glad marriage peals and doleful funeral knells.  
No desolating billow which has swept  
Away our earthly moorings, can dislodge  
The soul thus sheltered in the Living Rock.  
Upon the stormy billows we can see  
The lustrous rainbow of the covenant  
Arching the angry spray. And on its scroll  
Of blended ruby, emerald, and gold,  
The glorious superscription can be read—  
“ I AM JEHOVAH AND I CANNOT CHANGE ! ”

## Sins Cast into the Depths of the Sea.

—o—

*"Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."*

—MICAH vii. 19.

—

DEEP sea ! in whose unfathomed caves

Our sins are cast and found no more ;

No tempest rage, no surging waves,

Can beat them back upon the shore.

Low in unsounded depths they lie,

Like Egypt's submerged chivalry.

Like the army and horse, the shield, bow, and  
quiver,

That slumbered deep down on the coral-paved  
floor :

So our legion transgressions are buried for ever :

In judgment they rise to condemn us no more ;

Buried for ever !

Evermore !

“Thou wilt cast all their sins in the depths of  
the sea” :—

How gracious the tidings for you and for me !

Deep sea ! the load from sight is lost ;  
But where the mighty burden fell,  
Though many a gallant ship has crossed,  
There is no milestone left to tell.

Unsounded caverns low and deep  
For ever will the secret keep.

Oh yes ! the great burden is sunk in no river,  
Which the drought of the summer to sight  
might restore ;

It is plunged in the ocean-depths,—buried for  
ever,

In judgment to rise and condemn us no more :

Buried for ever !

Evermore !

“Thou wilt cast all their sins in the depths of  
the sea” :—

Thrice blessed the tidings for you and for me !

## Paraphrase of Psalm xxiii.

—o—

*"The Lord is my Shepherd,"—Ps. xxiii. 1.*

—

THE Lord is my Shepherd, nought else shall I  
need!

Once far from His fold in my loneliness pining,  
To His own verdant pastures He brought me  
to feed,

And by the still waters I now am reclining.

Though darkness, at times, should be shroud-  
ing my sky,

And I gaze on a wilderness blighted and  
dreary ;

The meadows seem withered, the rivulets dry,  
I wander through thorny-brakes, footsore and  
weary :—



'Tis only in order my soul to restore,  
And for His Name's sake in a right path to  
guide me :

My Shepherd would teach me to seek for no  
more

Save the pastures His wisdom sees meet to  
provide me.

Yea, though I should journey through Death's  
shadow'd vale,

No evil I fear, for His arms will enfold me :

With His Presence vouchsafed, not a foe can  
assail,

His rod and His staff through the gloom will  
uphold me.

The Keeper of Israel a table has spread,  
Prepared in the presence of foes that surround  
me ;

With oil, rare and precious, anointing my head ;  
The wastes of the desert made fragrant around  
me.

Surely Goodness and Mercy, with blessings  
anew,

Will follow me on to the brink of the river :  
The rush of its waters conducting me through,  
To dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever !

# Missionary Hymn.

## MILLENNIAL GLORY.

—o—

*"Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit: let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains."—ISA. xlii. 11.*

*"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—ISA. lx. 13.*

*"The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."—ISA. lii. 10.*

—

HASTEN, Lord, that morn of glory

When the world shall groan no more:

When the Gospel's joyous story

Shall be spread from shore to shore.

Speed the glorious proclamation,

Let Messiah's power increase;

Every tribe and tongue and nation

Welcome in the Prince of Peace!

Wake your echoes, rocks of Kedar !  
Midian ! Ephah ! own His grace !  
“Fir, and pine, and box, and cedar,  
Beautify His holy place !”

Blessed time, when every dwelling  
Shall the joyful anthem raise ;  
Every heart with rapture swelling,  
Thrilling every tongue with praise.

When the leopard and the lion  
With the lamb in peace shall lie,  
And within the earthly Zion  
Dwells the love that reigns on high !

Firmament, now glowing o'er us !  
Mountains, rivers, isles, and sea !  
All combine to swell the chorus  
That will ring earth's jubilee !

# Jewish Missionary Hymn.

THE CAPTIVE DAUGHTER OF ZION.

—o—

*"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"—LUKE xiii. 34.*

*"But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create: for, behold, I create Jerusa'em a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying."—ISA. lxx. 18, 19.*

—

TELL me, O thou captive daughter,  
Why this sackcloth on thy brow?  
Why thy children given to slaughter,  
Made in servitude to bow?

Heaven proclaims the awful story:

"She has slain the Lord of Glory!"

She who once in peerless splendour  
'Mid the kingdoms sat enthroned ;  
Alien now, without defender,  
Scorned, rejected, and disowned !  
Nations ! read the thrilling story,  
Lest ye scorn the Lord of Glory !

Zion ! shall there then be spoken  
“Glorious things” of thee no more ?  
Does thy God, thy ramparts broken,  
Still forbid thee to restore ?  
Go and wail with tears the story,  
How ye *slew* the Lord of Glory !

Lord ! make bare Thine arm to save her ;  
Let her exiles cease to roam ;  
Let the promised time to favour,  
Yea, the set time, let it come !  
Heralds ! spread the joyful story,  
Judah *owns* the Lord of Glory !

Rise ! ye prostrate sons of Salem ;

God once more is on your side.

Weeping aliens ! come and hail Him

Whom your fathers crucified.

Teach a wondering world the story,

How ye *love* the Lord of Glory.

## Morning Hymn.

— o —

*"I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."*—Ps. iii. 5.

*"Behold, He that keepeth Israel, shall neither slumber nor sleep."*—Ps. cxxi. 4.

—

O GOD, to Thy keeping  
This day I commend me;  
Both waking and sleeping  
In mercy defend me.

The radiance now gleaming  
Through morning's bright portal,  
Be type of the beaming  
Of sunshine immortal.

I know not ere nightfall  
The joys that may cheer me;  
The bliss sent to light all  
The path that is dreary.



---

I know not ere nightfall  
What comforts may perish,  
What trials may blight all  
I now fondly cherish.

But this doth sustain me,  
Whate'er is betiding,  
Let pleasure or pain be,  
'Tis all Thy providing.

May mine be the Christ-life,  
Meek, gentle, and lowly,  
Evading the world's strife,  
And following the holy.

On Thee ever casting  
All cares that surround me,  
Thine arms everlasting  
Beneath and around me.

Then shall I go boldly  
To-day to my calling,  
Thy grace will uphold me,  
And keep me from falling.

With faith ever clearer,  
Life's hours shall be given,  
To pitch my tent nearer  
To Thee and to Heaven.

## A Mourner's Morning Hymn.



*"O satisfy us early with Thy mercy: that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil."—Ps. xc. 14, 15.*



ABIDE with me, Thou gracious Guide,  
My lamp by night, my sun by day ;  
Thy gracious presence at my side  
Bids every anxious fear away.

Ere I begin life's "common task,"  
Hush'd be its feverish cares awhile,  
That calm reposing, I may bask,  
Eternal One ! beneath Thy smile.

Vouchsafe this day Thy pardoning grace,  
My countless sins, O God, forgive ;  
If Thou shine on me with Thy face,  
It must, indeed, be bliss to live.

Earth's fondest hopes, and cherished dreams  
Are fitful, fugitive, and vain ;  
The best of its polluted streams  
I only drink to thirst again.

Earth's brightest suns may cease to shine,  
Earth's shelters fail to give defence :  
Not so the Sun—the Shield Divine,  
The “strong tower” of Omnipotence !

Yes, “even youth shall weary grow,  
And young men utterly shall fall ;”  
But never faintness those shall know  
Who have made *Thee*, O God, their all.

Oft in a gloomy, chequered past,  
When human hopes appeared in vain,  
A gracious look from Thee was cast,  
And sadness turned to joy again !

Still would I feel Thee, ever near ;  
Ne'er at Thy will may I repine ;  
Thy presence dries each falling tear ;  
Proclaims all—"needful discipline."

Teach me resigned to kiss the rod,  
And in each stroke Thy hand to own ;  
Or let me trust Thee, O my God,  
If now the "need be" is unknown.

Soon shall Thy dealings be unroll'd,  
The wondrous chart will fix my gaze ;  
And heaven's revolving years unfold  
New matter and new theme for praise.

Wave upon wave which roll'd before  
Tempestuous o'er this ruffled breast ;  
Then lull'd asleep, shall break no more  
The rapture of eternal rest.

Glad thought ! to reach Thy blest domain,  
Where pleasure reigns without alloy ;  
Where trial is unknown, and pain  
Shall never break the trance of joy.

Oh cheering hope ! the desert past,  
And life's illusive visions o'er ;  
The longed-for Canaan reached at last,  
Where sin is felt and fear'd no more.

To taste Thy love—to see Thy face—  
My endless happiness shall be ;  
Lord ! independent of all place.  
Where'er *Thou* art is Heaven to me,

## Evening Hymn.



*"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."*—LUKE xxiv. 29.

*"So He giveth His beloved sleep."*—Ps. cxxvii. 2.



AS nature tolls her curfew-bell,  
Draw near Thou Great Invisible !  
The turmoil of the day is o'er ;  
The last wave breaks upon the shore ;  
The vanished sun has left in sight  
No legacy of golden light.  
The moon takes up her silver lyre,  
While round her stand the starry choir,  
Like choristers in vestures white  
In the great Temple-Court of night.  
The tuneful tenants of the air,  
Warbling their closing vesper-prayer,

Have sunk with folded wing to rest  
In their uncurtained woodland nest.  
O Thou, enthroned mid seraphim,  
Who listenest to their silent hymn ;  
Come and accept the meed of praise,  
Which from these feeble lips I raise.  
Hear me, O Father reconciled !  
Smooth the night pillow of thy child ;  
Till morning break, sweet vigil keep,  
And give to Thy Beloved sleep !



## Sunday Morning.

— o —

*"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—PS. cxxii. 1.*

*"He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—MATT. xxviii. 6.*

—

O THOU, who hast a Temple-shrine,  
In every lowly contrite soul,  
Kindle this heart and lip of mine,  
As with a living altar-coal !

No costly rites I need prepare,  
No rich oblations need I bring ;  
The spirit meek—the fervent prayer  
Are Thine accepted offering.

Come, blessed Saviour, from above  
Thy faithful promises fulfil ;  
Speak as of old Thy words of love,  
And breathe Thy sacred "Peace be still."

Let no distracting cares this day,  
From holier themes my thoughts beguile,  
As now Thy summons I obey,  
“Turn ye aside and rest awhile.”

On this great weekly Easter-morn  
Faith leads me to Thy hallowed grave,  
To hear the blessed tidings borne  
Which white-robed angel-watchers gave;—

“Why seek the living ’mong the dead?  
The buried Victor is not here,  
He has arisen as He said,  
Come, see His vacant sepulchre.”

“The Lord is risen!” a captive world  
Has now its iron chains unbound;  
Sin from its despot-throne is hurl’d,  
Satan is vanquished—Death uncrowned!

---

Let cherubim and seraphim—  
Let all the ransomed hosts on high,  
Awake their loudest songs to Him  
Who captive led captivity.

The blessings, Lord, be mine to share,  
Thy resurrection-morn has given :  
And make to-day, Thy House of Prayer  
None other than the Gate of Heaven !

## Christmas.

---

*"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them," &c.—*  
LUKE ii. 8, 9.

---

WHAT are these ethereal strains  
Floating o'er Judea's plains?  
Burning spirits throng the sky,  
With their lofty minstrelsy!  
Hark! they break the midnight trance  
With the joyous utterance,  
"Glory to God, and peace to men,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Quench, ye types, your feeble ray,  
Shadows, ye may melt away!  
Prophecy, your work is done;  
Gospel ages have begun.

---

Temple ! quench your altar fires,  
For these radiant angel-choirs  
To a ruined world proclaim—  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Pillow'd is His infant head  
On a borrow'd manger-bed.  
He around whose throne above  
Angels hymn'd their songs of love,  
Now is wrapt by virgin hands  
In earth's meanest swaddling bands ;  
Once adored by seraphim,  
Now a Babe of Bethlehem !

Eastern sages from afar,  
Guided by a mystic star,  
Follow'd, till its lustre mild  
Brought them to the heav'nly Child.  
May each providence to me  
Like a guiding meteor be,  
Bringing nearer unto Him,  
Once the Babe of Bethlehem !

# Suffering and Victory.

PASSION WEEK AND EASTER.

—o—

*"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane."*—MATT. xxvi. 36.

*"And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."*—LUKE xxiii. 33.

*"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."*—ISA. liii. 11.

—

COME, the Great Prince of Sufferers view,  
As underneath its olives grey,  
With the pale moonbeams struggling through,  
He wrestled in Gethsemane !

His anguished soul, in horror bound,  
Sent up to heaven its burdened cry ;  
Trembling He clasped the quaking ground,  
And blood-drops told His agony !

In that dread hour He stood alone,  
His own disciples basely fled ;  
He looked for pity, there was none,  
For comforters—uncomforted !

Stretch'd on the cross—the bolts of Heaven  
Are on the spotless Victim hurl'd ;  
The rocks proclaim, in fragments riven,  
“He bears the burden of a world !”

Around Him darkness spreads her pall,  
As if creation's knell had rung ;  
The sun forbade its light to fall,  
Where its Almighty Maker hung.

In vain His quivering lips implored ;  
“My God, my God !” in vain He cries :  
Justice unsheaths her glittering sword,  
And claims the bleeding sacrifice !

'Tis done !—the mighty work is done ;  
Messiah bows His thorn-crowned head ;  
The fight is fought—the battle won,  
Captivity is captive led.

The Sufferer once, the Victor now,  
Through everlasting years adored :  
With many crowns upon His brow,  
He reigns the universal Lord.

And counting o'er the muster-roll  
Of the Redeemed for whom He died ;  
He sees the travail of His soul,  
And seeing, He is satisfied !



## Easter.



*"The Lord is risen indeed."*—LUKE xxiv. 34.



HALLELUJAH—raise the song,

“Jesus Christ is risen ;”

Let the Church the note prolong,

“Jesus Christ is risen !”

Her living and triumphant Head,

Captivity has captive led,

And every foe has vanquishèd,

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah—let the cry,

“Jesus Christ is risen,”

Wake each harpstring of the sky,

“Jesus Christ is risen !”

The sealed stone is rolled away,

Death and the grave have lost their prey,

For Jesus Christ is risen to-day,

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah—dry the tear,

“Jesus Christ is risen ;”

Sound o'er every silent bier—

“Jesus Christ is risen !”

Thrice blessed pledge, ye mourners keep,

Who for your loved and lost ones weep ;

*Because HE lives*, they only sleep ;—

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah—let the sound,

“Jesus Christ is risen,”

Circulate the world around,

“Jesus Christ is risen !”

Soon may the Earth's great Easter be,

When, her now bondaged children free,

Exultant, Lord, shall reign with Thee,—

Hallelujah !

## Whitsunday.

—o—

*"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth."*—Ps. lxxii. 6.

---

SPIRIT Divine! grant us Thy gracious leadings;

Come and erect Thy dwelling in each heart.

And while before Thee rise our fervent plead-  
ings,

More and still more Thy promised aids  
impart.

Come, like the gentle dove, with olive-token ;

Come, like the balmy wind, soft breathing  
peace ;

Come to all those whom sin has crushed and  
broken ;

Loose every fetter, and vouchsafe release.

Come, like the dew which on Mount Hermon  
falleth ;

Come, when bereavement dims the mourner's  
eye ;

Come, when "the deep to deep" responsive  
calleth ;

And with Thy comforts gem our starless sky.

Come to the world, new life and healing  
bringing,

Cheer its parched souls with rills of heavenly  
bliss ;

Make them like willows by the water spring-  
ing,

"The Lord's own planting" — "Trees of  
righteousness."

## Second Advent.

---

*"Behold, He cometh with clouds : and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him : and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen."*—REV. i. 7.

*"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."*—REV. xxii. 20.

---

CHRIST is coming ! Let creation

Bid her groans and travail cease ;

Let the glorious proclamation

Hope restore, and faith increase—

Christ is coming,

Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

Earth can now but tell the story

Of Thy bitter Cross and pain ;

She shall yet behold Thy glory,

When Thou comest back to reign—

Christ is coming,

Let each heart repeat the strain !

Long Thine exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;  
But, in heavenly vestures shining,  
Soon they shall Thy glory see !—  
Christ is coming,  
Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that “blessed hope” before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung ;  
Let the mighty advent-chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue ;—  
Christ is coming,  
Come ! Lord Jesus,—quickly come .

## Holy Communion.

—o—

*"This do in remembrance of me."*—LUKE xxii. 19.

—

BLESSED FEAST ! most gracious token  
Of Thy dying love, O Lord !  
Memorial of Thy body broken,  
And Thy precious blood outpoured.

May the holy rite partaking  
Help me on my pilgrim way :  
Sin in every shape forsaking,  
Be my vow afresh to-day.

Sacred pledge, that nought can sever,  
Blessed Saviour, from Thy love ;  
Sealed to be Thy guest for ever  
At the better Feast above :

Where, in sweet communion blending,  
With the vast ingathered throng,  
Mine shall be a bliss unending,  
An eternal Festal-song !



## Harvest Hymn.



GREAT GOD of the harvest,  
Now waving around ;  
Who the year with Thy bounty  
Hast graciously crowned !  
O make the glad season  
More joyous to me,  
By the message of grace  
Having brought me to Thee !

On the Great Day of Judgment,  
When sentence is passed,  
When the bundle of tares  
In the fire shall be cast ;  
The wheat in the garner  
Of glory is stored,  
Rejoicing for ever  
In the bliss of the Lord.

No sheaf shall be missing,  
Nor lost be one grain,  
In that harvest of glory  
When Christ comes again.  
We now may be reaping  
In sorrow and tears,  
But cease shall our weeping,  
When Jesus appears.

Great Lord of the harvest,  
Now reigning above !  
Oh, gather more sheaves  
To the home of Thy love.  
Ten thousand already  
Have been reaped at Thy call,  
And still there is room  
In Thy garners for all.

## The All-Sufficiency of Christ's Love.



*"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth  
knowledge."*—EPH. iii. 19.



JESUS, Immanuel, Friend unseen !  
Who often hast my helper been ;  
Permit no cloud to intervene  
Between me and Thy love.

If in some dark and evil day  
My wayward steps should go astray,  
And wander from the narrow way,  
Restore me in Thy love.

If unbefriended be my lot,  
By some misjudged, by some forgot,  
Oh, gracious One, who changest not,  
Bestow on me Thy love.

If Thou see meet to take away  
Those who have proved my earthly stay ;  
Let this my comfort be—that they  
Are resting in Thy love.

When on the bed of death I lie,  
The last and closing moments nigh,  
To Thy bright home beyond the sky  
Receive me in Thy love !

## There are no Untimely Deaths.

—o—

“ *There is . . . a time to die.*”—ECCLES. iii. 2.

“ *Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.*”—PS. xc 3.

“ *Thrust in thy sickle, and reap : for the time is come for thee to reap ; for the harvest of the earth is ripe.*”—REV. xiv. 15.

---

LET those who make this fleeting earth their all,  
And its horizon bound their happiness,  
Talk of *untimely Graves* ! No flower can drop  
Too soon, if ripe for glory. Early pluck'd,  
Is early bliss. It only hastens Heaven.  
An early death-bed is an early crown.  
If with high festival we keep the day  
Of the frail body's entrance into life,  
And earthly friends are gathered in to offer  
Their joyous gratulations, shall it be  
With sighs we celebrate the natal hour  
Of the undying spirit, entering  
A Sinless, Deathless, Sorrowless for-ever ?

How diverse Earth and Heaven the closing  
scene

Regard ! On *Earth*, a spectacle of tears !

In speechless agony, each knee is bent

Around the couch, importunate for life,

While still life's pulses beat. In *Heaven*, is  
heard

An invocation also, from the lips

Of Mightier than mortal intercessor.

IMMANUEL pleads : but His is not the prayer

For an extension of the transient breath :

He pleads for life immortal as His own :—

“Father, I WILL, this dying sufferer

I have redeem'd, be with me where I am,

To share the glory Thou hast given me.”

His voice is heard ! Omnipotence responds—

“SON, Thou art ever with me, all I have

Is Thine.” To execute that gracious “*Will*,”

Eager, a glorious retinue attend.

“Go, Angels,—speed ye to the bed of death,

And bear the spirit home to Paradise !”

---

Say, mourner, wouldst thou have preferr'd,  
that heard

Had been the prayer of Earth, or that of  
Heaven?

Eternal bliss deferr'd, or realised?

The Cross continued, or the Kingdom won?

Warfare protracted, or eternal rest;

Keep in abeyance selfish love, and say

Wouldst thou arrest these bright celestials,

As up they bear their trophy to the skies?

When victory was bursting on his lips,

Couldst thou recall the Pilgrim to resume

The din of battle, and the vale of tears?

## Where is Peace Found?



*"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding,  
shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ  
Jesus."*—PHIL. iv. 7.



WHILE wandering still from God and heaven,  
With sin uncanceled—unforgiven,  
Vain shall the world, with syren voice,  
Bid the unpardoned one rejoice.

Where shall I find a holy calm,  
But in Thy blood, Thou dying Lamb?  
My only hope of mercy lies  
In Thine atoning sacrifice.

The world's temptations may assail,  
Its friendships cease—its comforts fail;  
But if Thy peace, dear Lord, be mine,  
All else submissive I resign.



---

Oh, let my spirit meekly rest  
In whatsoe'er Thy love sees best ;  
Confiding in Thy sovereign grace,  
And trusting where I fail to trace.

Oft, while on earth, short-sighted man  
Sees but the half-developed plan ;  
But inner meanings now unknown,  
Shall be evolved before the throne !

Lord, let Thy peace meanwhile sustain,  
'Mid mingled scenes of joy and pain,  
Till in the fulness of Thy love,  
I reach the Fountain-head above.

## The Grave of Bethany.



*"Jesus wept."*—JOHN xi. 35.



WHO is this, in silence bending  
O'er a dark sepulchral cave?  
Sympathetic sorrow blending  
With the tears around that grave?  
Christ the Lord is standing by,  
At the tomb of Bethany!

"Jesus wept!"—these tears are over,  
But His heart is still the same.  
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,  
Is His everlasting name.  
Saviour! who can love like Thee,  
*Gracious* One of Bethany?

When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Refuge of the troubled soul ;  
Surely none can feel like Thee,  
*Weeping* One of Bethany !

“Jesus wept !”—and still in glory  
He can mark each mourner’s tear,  
Loving to retrace the story  
Of the hearts He solaced here.  
Lord ! when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany !

“Jesus wept !”—that tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love,  
Yesterday—to-day—to-morrow—  
He the same doth ever prove :  
Thou art all in all to me,  
*Living* One of Bethany !

## Old Age Befriended.

—o—

*"For He hath said, I will never leave thee (lit. never, never), nor forsake thee."*—HEB. xiii. 5.

*"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."*—MATT. xxviii. 20.

—

EVENING shades fall fast around me ;  
Cherished ones no more surround me :  
Gone for ever !—

"I will never,  
Never leave thee nor forsake."

Hushed are voices full of gladness.  
Must I float in lonely sadness  
Down Time's river ?—

"I will never,  
Never leave thee nor forsake."

Earth's most treasured joys may perish ;  
From each gourd I fondly cherish  
Death may sever !—

“ I will never,  
Never leave thee nor forsake.”

## The Fountain of Salvation.

— -0—

*"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness."*—ZECH. xiii. 1.

*"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*—MATT. xi. 28.

*"And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."*—REV. xxii. 17.

—

HARK! what distant heavenly chorus  
Wakes the echoes of the sky?  
What bright spirits these before us  
Throng the blissful realms on high?

Once they were in tribulation,  
Sin obscured their bright array,  
Till the Fountain of Salvation  
Wash'd their guilty stains away.

Still that Fountain, full as ever,  
All alike are free to share ;  
Nor can guilty sinners ever  
Come too heavy laden there.

Come ! all ye whose souls are dreary,  
Toss'd with fears, with doubts distress'd ;  
Here is shelter for the weary,  
To the heavy-laden rest.

Lord, we come ! let none be wanting ;  
By Thy grace our souls redeem ;  
Like the hart for water panting,  
All would drink the sacred stream.

We come ! to hear the joyous story,  
And to wash our garments white ;  
Free to all these realms of glory,  
Endless day which knows no night !

## Bonus Pastor.



*"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine."*—JOHN x. 14.

*"I am the living bread which came down from heaven : if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever."*—JOHN vi. 51.



“BONE Pastor—panis vere,  
Jesu, nostri miserere,  
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere ;  
Tu nos bona fac videre,  
In terra viventium.

Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,  
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,  
Tuos ibi commensales  
Cohæredes et sodales

Fac sanctorum civium.”

THOMAS AQUINAS.



## The Good Shepherd.

*(Free translation.)*



GOOD and tender Shepherd, hear us !  
Bread of Heaven, in love come near us !  
Feed us, lead us, and defend us ;  
Make us see whate'er Thou send us,  
In the land of earthly living,  
Is Thy wise and gracious giving !

Thou who feed'st us here as mortals,  
Ordering all things that befall us,  
Safe within celestial portals,  
Oh ! at last in mercy call us.

Take us to the realms of love,  
Fold us with Thy flock above,  
Let the peerless name be given,  
“Heirs and denizens of Heaven !”

## Life and Death.



*"We spend our years as a tale that is told."*—Ps. xc. 9.

*"With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation."*—Ps. xci. 16.



*How long have I to live?*

Are threescore years and ten

All that this life can give?

Poor passing tale—and then,

TO DIE!

*How long have I to die?*

A moment's pang—no more;

And then, to yonder sky

Mounting, for evermore

TO LIVE!

## “Comfort Ye.”

*God's latest messages of comfort to His Church by the  
mouth of the Prophet Isaiah.*

—o—

“Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.”—

ISA. xl. i.

—

“COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE,” thus saith thy  
God to thee,—

Comfort my people, and “speak to their  
heart”\* (xl. 1, 2);

Though the hills may be shaken, the mountains  
removèd be,

Love such as mine cannot change or depart  
(liv. 10).

“COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE,” lift up your  
eyes and see

Who hath created these star-hosts so bright;

---

\* Marginal rendering.

Each name of the glittering phalanx is called  
by me ;

Marshall'd their ranks by the word of my  
might (xl. 26).

Why, then, O Israël, faithless and craven be,  
Doubting my power, and distrusting my grace ?  
(xl. 27).

On the palms of my hands, I have, Zion,  
engraven thee ;

Nothing can ever thine image efface (xlix. 16).

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE," mothers untrue  
may be,

Instincts, most sacred, may wither and die  
(xlix. 15),

Or the tongue, by the cradle which sang its  
fond lullaby,

Silent in death's gloomy regions may lie ;—

But ne'er shall my requiem, "COMFORT YE,  
COMFORT YE,"

Cease to resound o'er the death-stricken heart,

---

Or fail in its mission with those who in sorrow  
be,  
Peace, consolation, and joy to impart (xlix. 15 ;  
lvii. 18, 19).

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE," tell forth that  
none can be  
Left uninvited the blessing to share (lv. 1) ;  
For a welcome is waiting to all who repair to  
me—  
Rest in my love, and a home in my care.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE," wide let the  
message flee,  
Say unto Zion, "Thy God on high reigns"  
(lii. 7),  
Proclaim to all nations, 'Mëssiah has come to  
free  
Captives from prison and bondsmen from  
chains' (xlii. 7 ; lxi. 1).

---

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE," soon shall these  
words to thee,

(Words for the weeping) be needed no more :

Soon from earth's willow-tree taken thy harp  
shall be—

Taken and tuned for the *joys* evermore!

(lxv. 18, 19).

## A Warning Bell.



*“To-day, after so long a time ; as it is said, To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.”—HEB. iv. 7.*



“TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice,”—

Who would not listen and rejoice ?

“To-day (*after so long a time*)”—

Thus mercy ringeth her golden chime.

So long a time monitions given ;

So long a time my Spirit striven ;

By mercies present, mercies fled,

Gourds blossoming or witherèd ;

By voices living,—voices dumb,—

By jubilant or muffled drum ;

By warnings of my chastening hand,

Effaced like writing on the sand :

Why still reject my offered grace ?

Why still pursue life's phantom chase ?

Oh, listen, scorners, while I call  
Amidst earth's giddy carnival :—  
Still is forgiveness in your choice :  
“To-day, if ye will hear my voice ;  
To-day (*after so long a time*)”—  
Thus mercy ringeth her golden chime.

To-morrow ! No ! you cannot tell !  
To-morrow ! it may toll your knell !  
To-morrow ! it may come with ire,  
With seated Judge and flaming fire !  
“Tell me, watchman, what of the night ?”  
“The shadows are dimming in evening  
light ;  
The portals of death are looming in sight ;  
Hasten, oh, hasten life's winter flight !”  
While yet there is hope—while yet there is  
time ;  
Ere mercy be ringing her farewell chime :—  
“To-day, if ye will hear His voice,”  
Arise ! Repent, Believe, Rejoice !



## The Best Friend.

—o—

*"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."*—Ps. lxxiii. 25, 26.

*"Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."*  
—MATT. xxviii. 20.

—

BLESSED Saviour, to defend me  
None I have compared with Thee;  
None so willing to befriend me,  
Thou art all in all to me.

In the past, Thy grace unfailing  
Hath sustained me, hour by hour;  
Over every foe prevailing,  
Vanquishing the tempter's power.

Still upon Thine arm relying,  
On my heavenly way I hold ;  
Keep the smouldering flame from dying,  
Keep my love from waxing cold.

What is life ? a scene of troubles,  
Following swiftly, one by one,  
Phantom visions—airy bubbles,  
Which appear and then are gone !

What at best the world's vain fashion ?  
Quickly it must pass away :  
Vexing care and whirlwind passion  
Surging like the angry spray.

Friends may fail and bonds may sever ;  
Cherished refuges may fall ;  
But Thy friendship is for ever,—  
It survives the wreck of all.

## Unbelief Rebuked.



*"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—ISA. l. 10.*

*"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."—ISA. xl. 31.*



WHY, faithless soul, with drooping wings,  
To unbelief make base surrender,  
When each returning morning brings  
Proofs of God's love so vast and tender?  
Though thou may'st weary grow of Him,  
His love to thee can ne'er grow dim.

Though now, perchance, His gracious face  
Veil for a time its former shining,

Yet trust Him where thou canst not trace,  
Clouds yet will have their silver lining ;  
The sun which midday storms enfold,  
Will set in amethyst and gold.

Up ! up ! with eagle pinion rise,  
Nor seek to pause on perch inglorious,  
Till in the blue of heavenward skies,  
O'er every cloud and storm victorious,  
You come, with eye no longer dim,  
To fold **your** wings with seraph**him**.

## The Song of the Redeemed in Heaven.

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*'And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, ALLELUIA.'*—REV. XIX. 1.

*"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands: Saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."*—REV. V. 11, 12.

---

'TIS done—the world's long night is o'er;  
At last is reach'd the long'd-for shore,  
Life's transient tale is told;  
The Crystal City bursts on sight,  
With gates of pearl and sapphire bright,  
And streets of purest gold!

One theme each angel-bosom fires,  
The thunder of the myriad choirs  
The anthem-peals prolong ;  
No wearied frame, no languid eye  
Suspends the swelling minstrelsy  
Of the exultant throng.

Enthroned in bowers of glistening light,  
With crowns of gold, and robes of white,  
And wreaths of fadeless palm ;  
Down at His feet each crown is flung,  
And onward rolls from tongue to tongue,  
“ All-worthy is the Lamb ! ”

But of the myriads round the throne,  
The *ransom'd* multitudes alone  
Take up the chorus strain !  
With bounding hearts they sweep their strings,  
And thus each blood-bought sinner sings,  
“ The Lamb FOR US was slain ! ”

---

“ All blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Redound to Him for evermore,  
From all the hosts of heaven :  
The Prince of Life who once was slain ;  
Who through eternal years shall reign,  
To Him all praise be given ! ”

And higher still their palms they wave,  
And deeper in the ocean lave  
Of Heavenly bliss divine !  
But ne'er the plummet can be found,  
By which, O Lamb of God, to sound  
Such depths of love as Thine !

## The Day Breaketh.



*“And He said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.”—*  
GEN. xxxii. 26.



“LET me go ! the day is breaking !”

Christ and His salvation taking :

Christ my only portion making :

Every other trust forsaking.

Oh, amid last thunders quaking,

Earth and hills' foundations shaking,

Grant me, Lord, a joyful waking.

In this hope of life partaking,

“ Let me go, the day is breaking.”



## The Final Rest.



*"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."*—ISA. lx. 20.

*"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."*  
—HEB. iv. 9.



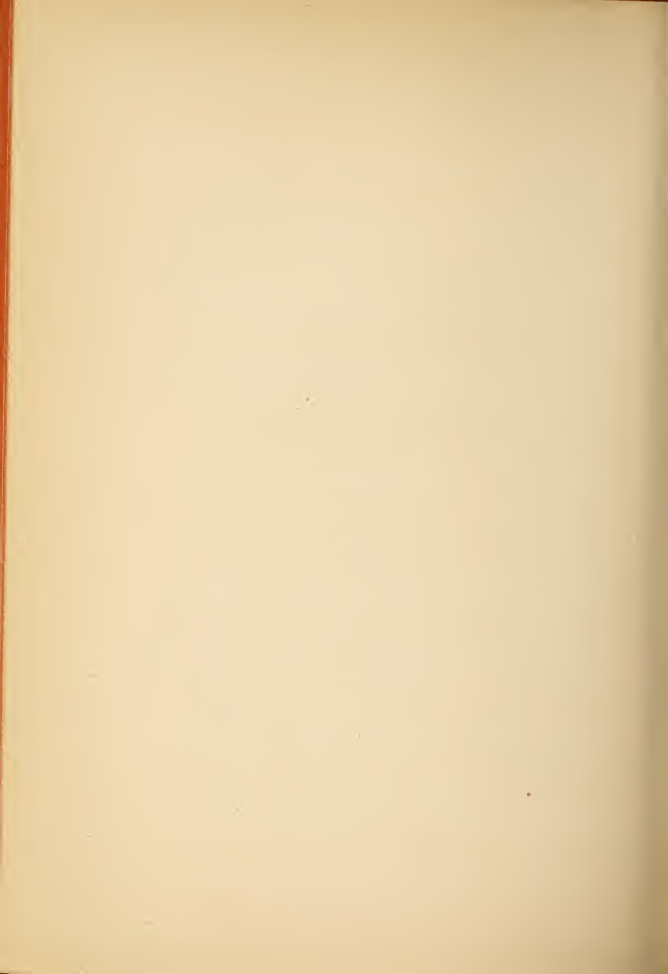
THE eventide is past :  
Past is life's sunset hour •  
No more do tempests lower ;  
No more are skies o'ercast.

Thenceforth the Lord shall be  
Thine everlasting light :  
Before His sunshine bright,  
The mists of earth shall flee.

The vale of sorrow trod,  
The Shepherd ever nigh,  
The flock shall pasture high  
Upon the hills of God !

No more shall wane thy moon,  
Nor pale thy sun its light ;  
In day which knows no night ;  
One never-ending noon !

*IN MEMORIAM.*



## In Memoriam :

THE PRINCE CONSORT. *Balmoral, 14th Dec. 1861.*



Go silence your pibrochs ; go sound the wild  
coronach ;

Wail loudest dirges o'er mountain and vale :  
The Chief of our chieftains lies silent and  
shrouded,

The Prince of the land, and the pride of the  
Gael !

This morning our hill-tops were gloomy with  
mist-clouds,

They curtained each crag, and then melted in  
rain :

It was Nature attired in her garments of sack-  
cloth,

And weeping for him she shall ne'er see again.

Ye dumb mountain mourners, how fondly he  
loved you !

In glory of sunshine or grandeur of gloom :

Your carpets of heather, your jungles of  
bracken,

The plumes of your rock-pines, the gold of  
your broom !

Begin the plaint moaning, ye forests of Athole !

For yours are the corries his eyes first beheld :

Let it sigh through the glens of the Garry and  
Tummel,

The straths of Breadalbane — the woods of  
Dunkeld.

Grampian heights echo it! Bold Ben-muich-  
dhui ;

Ben Dearg, Ben-e-vrackie, and lone Ben-y-Gloe;  
Schehallion, respond to the wail of Ben-  
Vairlich,

Till it die far away in the wilds of Glencoe.

Come, Dee's gentle waters, and lend your soft  
music,

As plaintive ye flow through the forests of  
Mar ;

While louder your dirges, ye torrents of Muick,  
Your tribute-grief bringing from loved Loch-  
nagar.

Garrawalt, pour out your thunder of tear-  
drops ;

The rainbow forbid to encircle your spray :  
More fitting, by far, are the wrack and the  
driftwood,

Which chafe in each eddy and cauldron  
to-day !

Take up the coronach, cottage and clachan ;  
Shepherd's lone shieling on mountain or  
moor ;

For he whom we mourn had alike ever ready  
A word for the great and a smile for the poor.

Sad change ! Oh, how lately these heights  
that surround me

Were silvered with birches or purple with  
bloom :

To-day, the moist winds seem to sob all around  
me,

And load the bared tresses with tears for his  
tomb !

How recent the Castle-halls rang with the  
bagpipe,

As mustered his gillies in pride to display,  
By long Autumn's "gloamin'," or weird blaze  
of torchlight,

The spoils Balloch-buie had yielded each day !

The stag-hounds, unheeded, now bay in their  
kennels ;

The torch-light no longer shall redden the hills ;  
The wild deer may slumber in peace in their  
corries,

Or drink undisturbed at their lone mountain rills.



He lived not in times when our bale-fires were  
lighted ;

When yelled forth the war-pipes o'er moorland  
and glade ;

The fiery cross carried from hamlet to hamlet,  
And shieling and homestead in ashes were laid.

Not his were the lips that could sound the  
fierce slogan,

When claymore met broadsword in battle  
array ;

When chieftain and clansmen stood shoulder  
to shoulder,

Impatient to join in the heat of the fray.

Far nobler his mission, far grander his  
triumphs ;

Their glories unreckoned by booty and slain ;

The battle with wrong, and the conquest of  
baseness,

The proudest of trophies—a life without stain.

We wail for the dead,—but we wail for the  
living ;

Great God of the mourner ! with Thee do we  
plead

For the heart that is broken with anguish  
unspoken ;

Alone in her greatness,—“a widow indeed !”

For her are the dirges—for her the wild coro-  
nach—

For her we may weep till our eyes become dim :  
But with our thoughts centred on the bliss he  
has entered,

All tears may be dried that are falling for HIM !

## In Memoriam :

THE FALLEN FLOWER. J. H——. 1838. *Aged 12.*



*"My Beloved is gone down into His garden . . . to  
gather lilies."*—SOL. SONG vi. 2.

*<sup>a</sup>When the fruit is ripe, immediately He putteth in the  
sickle."*—MARK iv. 29.



WHY weep for the beautiful flower,  
As if premature pluck'd away?  
Survived had its blossoms that hour,  
It had lived, but had lived to decay.

But now it has left this cold scene,  
To blossom in regions above,  
Where no storms, where no clouds intervene,  
To darken the sunshine of love.

The rose in the garden that falls,  
Has its vacant place filled up again ;  
No gap in the branches recalls  
That a transient blank had e'er been.

Not so with the hearts that bewail  
The blight of the tender home-flower :  
No subsequent leaves can avail  
To fill its missed place in the bower !

Oh, happy,—thrice happy the time,  
When again we shall meet, ne'er to sever ;  
With that flower in that happier clime,  
To bask in bright sunshine for ever !

## In Memoriam:

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. *Funeral Day*  
*March 1873.*



“A PRINCE in Israel and great man has fallen,”  
Loved and revered by peasant and by peer ;  
No pompous rites—no hired minstrels call in :  
A mourning nation gathers round his bier.

On comes the funeral car ! All heads uncover  
Down the long surging crowd which line the  
way ;

With bated breath each whispers to the other—  
“A prince and great man fallen has to-day !”

By whom shall best the funeral hymn be  
chanted ?

Who on his sod shall lay the immortelle ?  
Shall some cathedral's chancel-choir be wanted,  
And courtly fingers strew the mute farewell ?

No! Call the "Arabs" of his much-loved city,  
Those once of ragged dress and weary limb—  
The outcasts who engrossed his manly pity ;  
No surplised choristers so dear to him.

Still are his words of burning pathos ringing :  
Who can forget the magic of their power ?  
New strength imparting—fresh resolves up-  
bringing  
That long survived the fleeting Sabbath hour.

He's gone! yet not, with folded wing inglorious,  
To cease his loves and labours in the skies ;  
But to still nobler heights to soar victorious,  
New wastes reclaim—new worlds evangelise.

*Lay* him to slumber full of years, and hoary,  
Where rests his chief with chieftains all  
around ;  
No mighty minster with its sculptured story,  
Garner's such dust as does that hallowed  
ground.

---

He needs no funeral bell from tower or steeple,  
No salvo loud, no roll of muffled drum ;  
His panegyric is a mourning people,  
His unhired minstrel—wailing Christendom.

To the loved turf, baptized to-day with  
weeping,  
No age will cease its tribute-tear to bring.  
This choice "God's Acre" is in angel-keeping ;  
*Leave* him to slumber, "every inch a king."

## In Memoriam :

A. M. OB: 1866. [DEDICATION LINES.] \*



THESE to life's oldest—latest guide ;  
Translated to an early crown ;  
Whose sun, while yet 'twas day, went down,  
Ere fell the shades of eventide.

In worth of heart, and wealth of brain,  
In all that noble was and pure—  
All that is destined to endure,  
I ne'er shall see his like again.

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\* These lines may fittingly introduce the verses which follow on the succeeding pages. The latter may be acceptable to not a few who prized the worth of a life of rare unselfishness and consecration. They were found, with several others, in a MS. volume of poetry, secular and sacred ; the contents of which had evidently formed the recreation of leisure moments. One of each kind is given.



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For long retains the western sky  
The vanished orb's resplendent hue ;  
In gleaming memories, ever new,  
That life survives. It cannot die.

This tribute of most sacred love  
I lay upon his honoured bier ;  
If I could do it, not a tear  
Would weep him from his bliss above.

'Tis better far to be with HIM,  
Whose work gave zest to life while here ;  
Oh, grudge him not the wider sphere,  
The Brotherhood with Seraphim !

## Isabelle : A Legend of Provence.



AN aged man, with tresses grey,  
Whose eyes bespoke familiar tears,  
With trembling lips poured forth this lay  
To sympathising ears :—

‘Oh ! many a sweet beguiles the bee  
In gay Provence’s lovely bowers,  
And roses garland many a tree  
Entwined with fragrant flowers.

In light festoons, the clustering vine  
O’ercanopies the sylvan glade,  
And countless flow’rets gaily shine  
Beneath its graceful shade.

The hum of glittering insect wing  
Wakes music in these fairy groves,  
And nightingales delight to sing,  
In silvery notes, their loves !

I've seen that land of beauty dressed  
In radiant summer's mantle green,  
And oft does pensive memory rest  
    Upon each witching scene !

But sacred above all the themes,  
On which in lonely hours I dwell,  
Is she whose image haunts my dreams—  
    The gentle Isabelle !

Oft had I blessed the path I took  
That led me to her cottage door ;  
Methought it wore a hallowed look  
    I ne'er had seen before.

The aged father welcomed me  
Within his humble, peaceful cot,  
And bade his duteous daughter see  
    My wants were not forgot.

“Oh yes,” she answered, “father dear,  
I’ll make a fragrant flowery bed,  
And welcome is the stranger here  
To rest his weary head.”

Away she tripped, with noiseless tread,  
As if some Heavenly Being fair  
Had left the regions of the dead  
To dwell with mortals there.

I gazed upon the spot, where she  
Had nimbly vanished from my sight,  
The old man marked my ecstasy  
And smiled with fond delight.

“Thou’rt right,” he said, in accents mild—  
“Yes, by my troth, thou judgest well,  
She is indeed a blessed child  
My darling Isabelle !

“She is my sole surviving friend,  
All other joys from me are fled ;  
And she alone is left, to tend  
Her aged father’s head :

“The angel of my closing years,  
In undeservèd mercy given,  
To guide, amid this Vale of tears,  
My feeble steps—to heaven !”

Oft I recall the guileless joy  
In which that summer glided by !  
As cloudless as the canopy  
Of fair Provence’s sky.

The hour of prayer together spent,  
Adoring HIM in accents meet,  
When with united hearts we bent  
Before the Mercy-seat !

Who can describe the hymn of praise,  
Its soft and silvery sweetness tell,  
Poured from her lips in holiest lays  
As evening shadows fell.

How shall I paint the thornless bliss  
In which the fleeting hours went past,  
Mid joys—in such a world as this—  
Too exquisite to last?

Methinks I see the trembling tear  
Which stole from eyes unused to sorrow,  
When first I whispered in her ear,  
“*We part*—upon the morrow!”

The old man raised his withered head,  
And gazed upon the azure sky :  
Then—“Fare thee well *awhile*,” he said,  
“We yet shall meet—on high!”

“Nay—speak not thus, my father dear,  
But *one short year* away”—and then,  
“Make promise—thou wilt wander here,  
And visit us again.

“Daily I’ll watch thy favourite vine  
Put forth its verdant shade of leaves,  
And train its tendrils to entwine  
And trellis all the eaves.

“Fondly I’ll note, when budding flowers  
O’erhang thy favourite window-seat ;—  
And eager count the passing hours  
Until, at length, *we meet !*

“Oh, quickly speed thee back again !  
And now,” she cried, “a fond farewell !  
Soon will a year elapse :—till then  
*Remember Isabelle !*”

Even now, methinks, her parting words,  
As if prolonged by magic spell,  
Still vibrate on my spirit's chords :

*"Remember Isabelle!"*

. . . . .

The tedious years at length went past :  
Again I reached a foreign shore :  
With joyful steps, I trode at last  
Provence's soil once more.

I stood upon a vine-clad spot  
O'erhanging yon romantic dell,  
Where stands the lone sequestered cot  
That sheltered Isabelle.

The balmy breath of summer eve  
(Exhaled from many a fragrant flower),  
Seemed to my fancy to receive  
Fresh sweetness in that hour.



With eager steps, I culled a flower,  
And quickly cleared the briery brake,  
“And here,” said I, “we’ll form a bower  
Beside that fairy lake.”

What though the gathering clouds at last  
Were shrouding all the sunset sky,  
And evening’s hues were yielding fast  
To the fair moon on high?

I knew the scenes of former days,  
Familiar every nook to me;  
The names of all the friendly fays  
That owned each haunted tree!

Each blooming plant that smiled around,  
Each ivied root—each grassy swell;  
“For oft I’ve trode the hallowed ground  
With her I loved so well.

“The rose-slip on the churchyard wall  
Has now become a verdant tree,  
The orange-plants are now grown tall,  
Can time have altered *thee*?

“Oh yes,” methought, “thine eye will  
show  
A deeper shade of heavenly blue,  
Thy cheek will have a ruddier glow—  
Tinged with a brighter hue.

“Thy hair in richer tresses shine,  
Thy voice have lost its childish tone;  
But still, thy faithful heart is mine—  
My beautiful ! my own !”

I trode the path along the dell,  
Down by the spreading churchyard tree,  
Beneath whose shade my Isabelle  
First pledged her troth to me !

I passed the holy precincts, where  
Her sainted mother's ashes lay :  
The moonlight cold was shaded there,  
    Across my grave-strewn way.

On new-laid turf, with daisies fair,  
The chilly moonbeams gently fell :  
But what ! oh !—WHAT *was graven there!*  
    “REMEMBER ISABELLE !”

To a Mother, on the Death of  
an only Daughter.

---

SHE is in Heaven !—That thought alone  
Should chase the grief which clouds thy brow.  
'Twas said from her Redeemer's throne,  
My Glory enter thou.

She is in Heaven !—lest earthly love,  
So sweet, so strong as hers and thine,  
To both might too attractive prove,  
Displacing Love Divine.

She is in Heaven !—but still unseen  
With hers thy notes of praise may blend ;  
On the same Rock thy soul may lean,  
To the same Centre tend.

She is in Heaven!—a gleaming star,  
To cheer thee in thy darkened lot,  
And guide, 'mid joys which fleeting are,  
To One who changeth not.

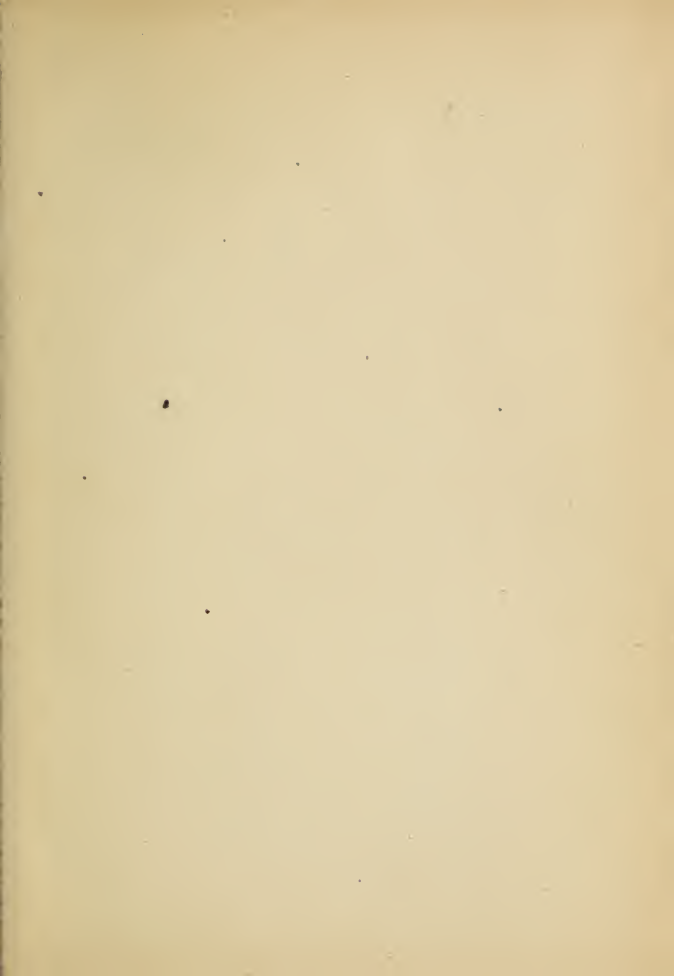
She is in Heaven!—at times when prone  
To mourn the race so early run ;  
A white-robed saint before the Throne  
Whispers—“The prize is won.”

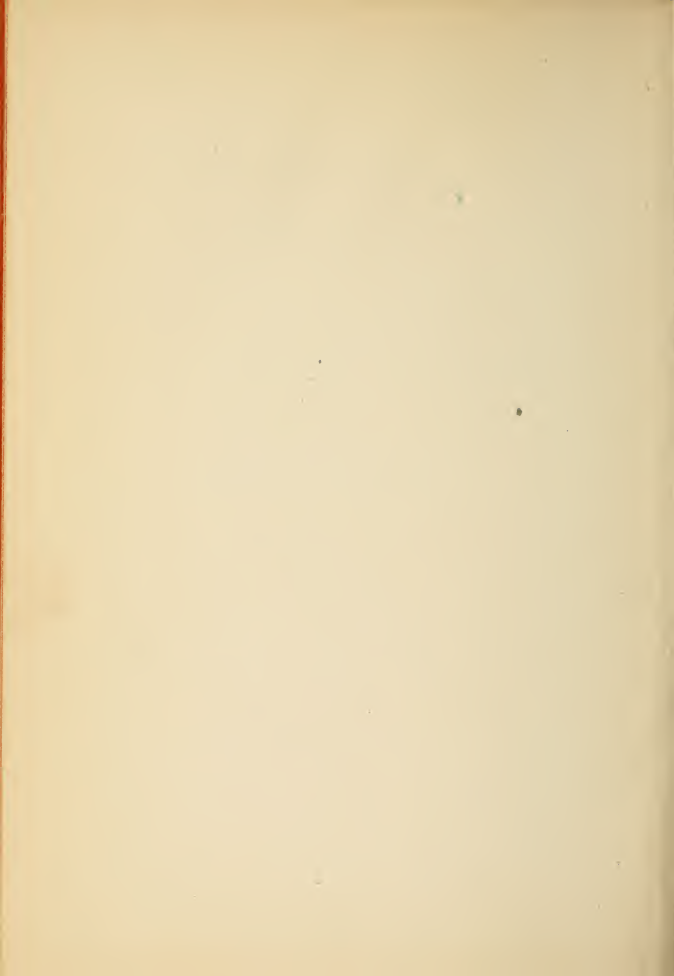
She is in Heaven!—has reached ere noon  
In safety yon celestial shore ;  
And oh ! the bliss to meet her soon—  
“Not lost, but gone before.”

*[The following lines are from the same pen, written on the title-page of the MS. volume referred to.]*

CALM sleeps the sea, when storms are o'er,  
With bosom silent and serene ;—  
And but the plank upon the shore  
Reveals what wrecks have been !  
So, some frail leaves like these may be  
Left floating on Time's silent tide ;  
The sole remaining trace of me  
To tell, I lived,—and—died !

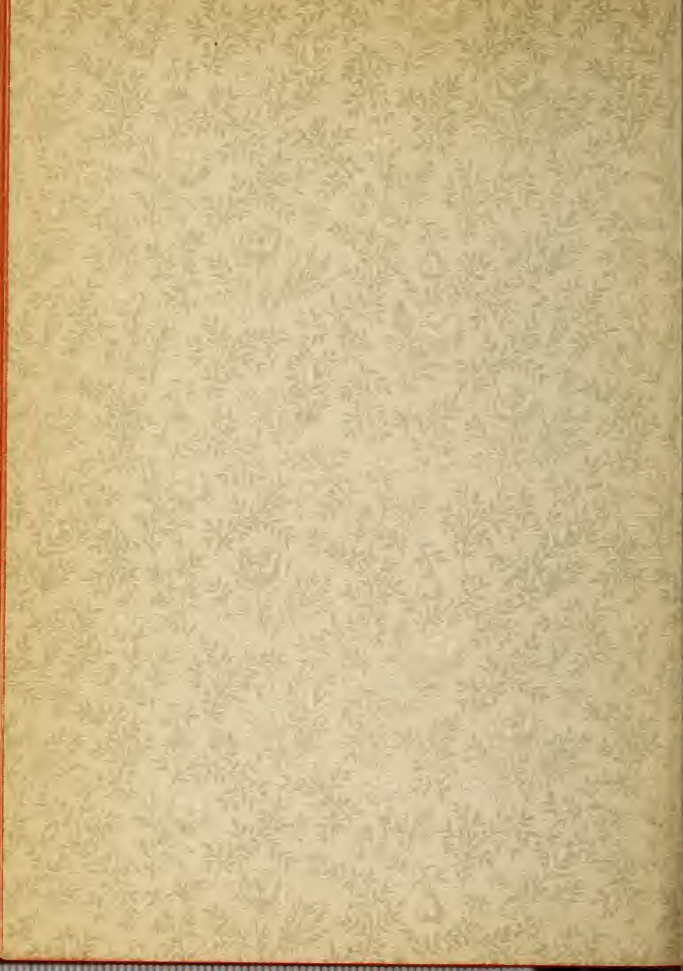
THE END.











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